



VOL XXX NO 10

DECEMBER 6

DRAWN BY FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

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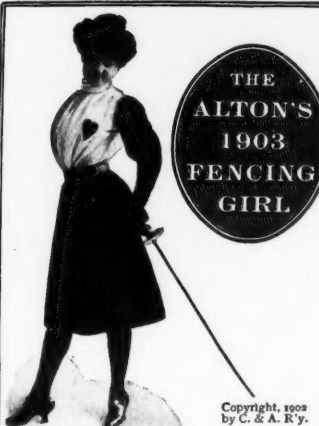
Why not order a dozen of these pens for Christmas Presents for your friends? Surely you will not be able to secure anything at three times the price that will give such continuous pleasure and service. Everybody appreciates a good Fountain Pen. Safety pocket pen holder sent free of charge with each pen.

Illustration on left is full size of ladies' style; on right, gentlemen's style.

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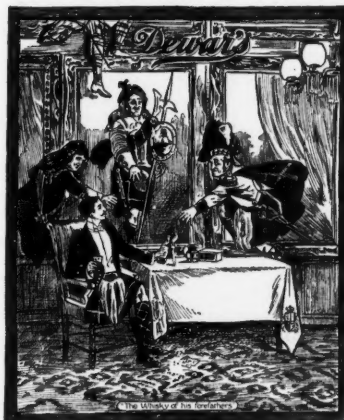
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The Cecilian PUMPS MUCH EASIER than any other player

Its "touch" is absolutely NON-MECHANICAL

The operator has perfect control over BOTH Base and Treble

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You cannot make a better or more appreciated Christmas present to your wife or daughter, or to a friend of musical tastes, than a set of "The World's Best Music." It will not be laid aside in a few days and forgotten, for it is made for practical use, and it contains enough music for a lifetime. If your order is received before Christmas, a handsome bookcase (made especially to hold the set), will be sent free with the books.

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This musical library is designed for the use of pianists and singers of average ability. Its eight volumes—sheet music size, but light and easy to handle—are crowded with the best vocal and instrumental music, carefully selected by an experienced corps of music editors. If you were to buy the music it contains, one piece at a time, it would cost you over \$200.00. Through our Musical Library Club—for a limited time—the entire set will cost you one-tenth of that amount, and you can pay it in little payments of

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The sets are in eight large volumes (four vocal and four instrumental), 9x12 inches in size, attractively bound in half-leather or cloth. By means of an ingenious device in binding the volumes open flat at the piano and remain open. A set contains over 400 illustrations, including numerous chromatic art plates, printed in ten to twelve colors. There are 2,200 pages of sheet music in the entire library.

IF YOU ARE A PIANIST you will find this collection of music invaluable. It contains 300 instrumental selections by the best composers, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, and classic and romantic piano music. Such composers are represented as Paderewski, Gounod, Sullivan, Mascagni, Wagner, Mozart, Balfe and Liszt.

IF YOU LIKE MUSIC but do not play yourself, you cannot make a better present to your wife or daughter than a set of this musical library. It means evening after evening of pleasure, for it furnishes in the most compact and simple form all the world's greatest music. This collection is to music what the encyclopedia is to knowledge—the best of all properly proportioned.

Music Club Closing!

low price. The Club has offered these sets of this edition at about one-half the publisher's regular prices—but the edition is now nearly exhausted and the Club is closing. If you reply promptly to this advertisement you can obtain a set through the Club for \$25.00 in half-leather binding or \$21.00 in cloth binding—payable \$1.00 a month. These sets were previously sold for \$35.00 and \$30.00. We will send a set to any address (express paid by us) for examination and use. After five days' examination, if you are not satisfied, return the books to us at our expense. But, if you decide to keep the set, send us \$1.00 at the expiration of five days, and \$1.00 a month thereafter until the full amount is paid. The books will be delivered at any date designated by you.

BOOKCASE FREE—We have a small number of elegant oakwood bookcases that are made especially to hold a set of the "World's Best Music." Their premium to prompt subscribers. To obtain a bookcase free with your set it will be necessary to send us your order before December 25th. If your order is received after that date we cannot supply a bookcase with the set, unless, of course, you care to pay the retail price of \$4.00 for the case. This bookcase is a present from us, and does not increase the cost of the music in any manner.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
78 Fifth Ave., New York

IF YOU ARE A SINGER the "World's Best Music" will increase your repertoire. It will place in your hands 200 of the best old and new songs, duets, trios and quartets, arranged for all voices and for piano accompaniment. The collection embraces all the old songs of your childhood days, besides the new and popular melodies of the last few years.

IF YOU ARE A STUDENT of music, you will find this Library more than half a musical education. The selections have been made by Reginald De Koven, Victor Herbert, Helen Kendrick Johnson, Gerrit Smith and others equally well-known in the musical world. As a musical cyclopaedia it is unexcelled, as it contains 500 biographies of musicians and 400 portraits.

Some months ago our Musical Library Club purchased an entire new edition of the "World's Best Music" at a very low price. The Club has offered these sets of this edition at about one-half the publisher's regular prices—but the edition is now nearly exhausted and the Club is closing. If you reply promptly to this advertisement you can obtain a set through the Club for \$25.00 in half-leather binding or \$21.00 in cloth binding—payable \$1.00 a month. These sets were previously sold for \$35.00 and \$30.00. We will send a set to any address (express paid by us) for examination and use. After five days' examination, if you are not satisfied, return the books to us at our expense. But, if you decide to keep the set, send us \$1.00 at the expiration of five days, and \$1.00 a month thereafter until the full amount is paid. The books will be delivered at any date designated by you.

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a set of "The World's Best Music" in half-leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay \$1.00 within 5 days and \$1.00 per month thereafter for 24 months; if not satisfactory I agree to return them within 5 days. If this coupon is mailed before December 25th, I am to receive a bookcase with the set free.

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The usual price for this handsome Turkish Rocker elsewhere is \$37.00, often \$45.00. Our price is \$24.50. Our superb collection of fine furniture is shown in Special Catalogue #2 which you are invited to send for. It shows a most desirable line of artistic, high grade pieces at moderate prices. It will be sent to any address outside of Chicago, Cook Co., Ill. You cannot afford to buy until you have seen our new catalogue. Write now.



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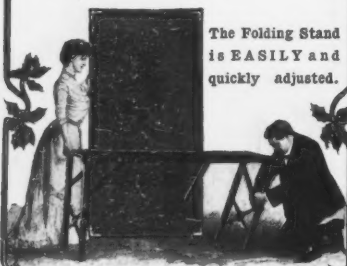
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**For HOME PLAYING
IN ANY ROOM**

Sizes, 5, 6, 6½, and 7 Feet
Weight, 30 to 70 Pounds

**For Pool, Billiards, Bal-
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This table is accurate in every
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playing by experts.



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Recently improved. Place on dining or
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*DOES NOT COST YOU ANY MORE A Lesson in Champagne Values

Recent prices at wholesale in London, as per October, 1901, Market List

	Shillings
POMMERY BRUT, '93	125
G. H. Mumm, '93	91
Perrier-Jouet, Ext. Qual. '93	87-92
Moët & Chandon, '93	83-90
Pol Roger, Extra Dry, '93	83-87
Ruinart, Extra Dry, '93	70-75

*AS PRICE PER BOTTLE IS GENERALLY THE SAME

WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

Measured by the Standard of either Price or Quality

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for the Brain

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CARBONATES
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MALT

The Life of Grain

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WHEAT AND MALT
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THE PERFECT FOOD

Thoroughly Cooked
Ready to Eat

Delicious in Winter

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**WARM MILK or
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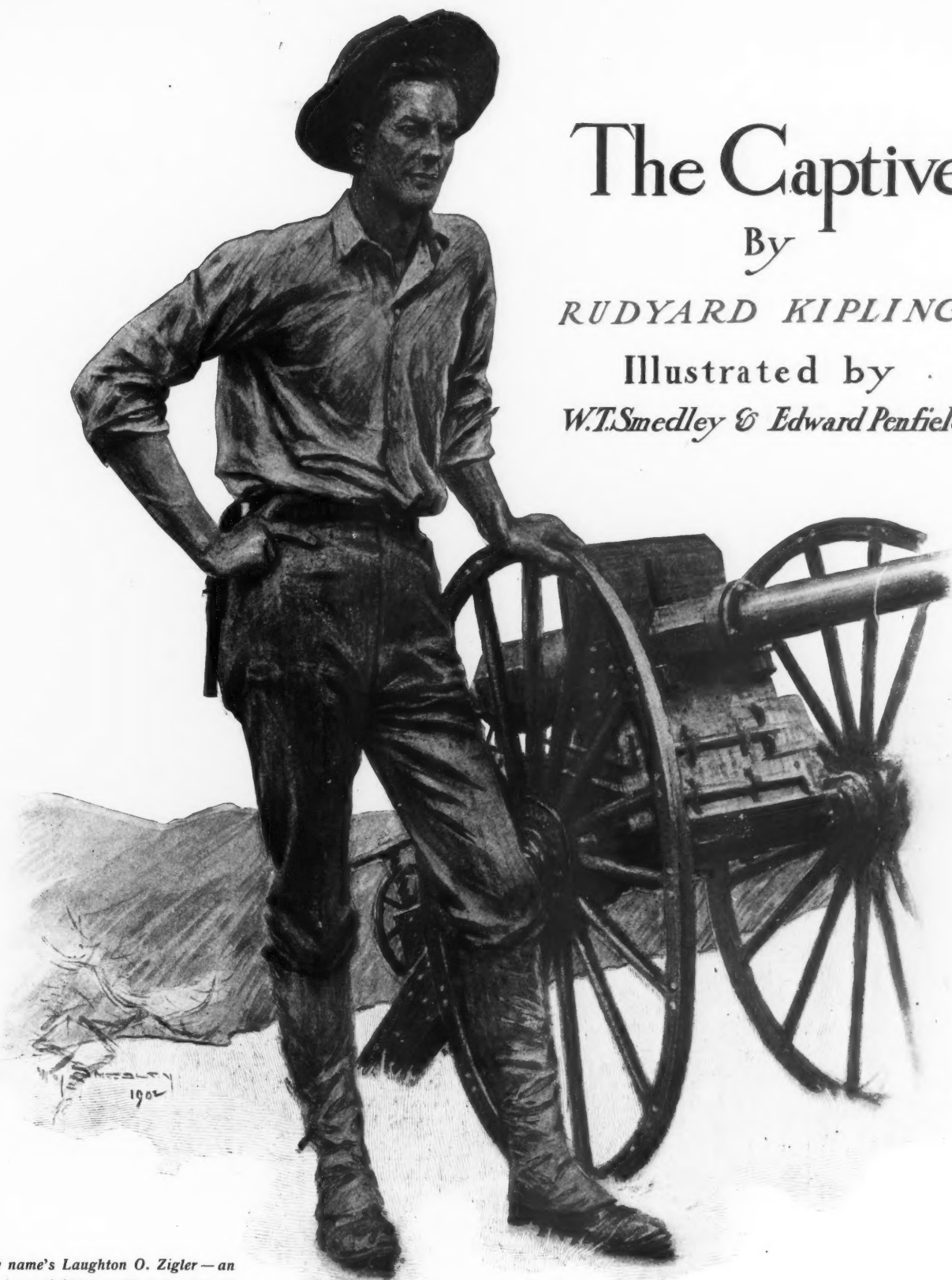
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young, sick or well

Large packages at your grocers

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
TORONTO, CANADA





The Captive

By

RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustrated by

W.T. Smedley & Edward Penfield

"My name's Laughton O. Zigler — an American, if Ohio's still in the Union"


COPYRIGHT 1902 BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THE guard-boat lay across the mouth of the bathing-pool, her crew idly spanking the water with the flat of their oars. A red-coated militiaman, rifle in hand, sat at the bows and a petty officer at the stern. Between the snow-white cutter and the flat-topped honey-colored rocks on the beach the green water was troubled with shrimp-pink prisoners of war bathing. Behind their orderly tin camp and the electric-light poles rose those stone-dotted Spurs that throw heat on Simonstown. Before them the little *Barracouta* nodded to the big *Gibraltar*, and the old *Penelope*, that

in ten years has been a bachelor's club, natural history museum, kindergarten and prison, rooted and dug at her fixed moorings. Far out a three-funnelled Atlantic transport with turtle bow and stern waddled in from the deep sea.

Said the sentry, assured of the visitor's good faith: "Talk to 'em? Talk to any of 'em that speak English. You'll find a lot that do."

Here and there earnest groups gathered round ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, who doubtless preached conciliation, but



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DRESSED DOLL FREE
With Chair and Doll's Food**



send us your name and address and we will mail you 26 pieces of Art Jewelry to sell at only 10 cents each. No trash. Every one you offer it to will buy one or more pieces. When sold send us the \$2.60 and we will send you at once, by express, this

**HANDSOME
DRESSED DOLL**

Nearly one and one-half feet in height, imported directly from Europe for us. This doll has a beautiful bisque head, blue eyes, pearly teeth, long natural golden curly ringlets, has, dainty shoes and stockings that can be taken off, lace trimmed underwear, elegantly and stylishly dressed. A magnificent creature of doll-dom, sweet and pretty as a picture, and will be a source of endless pleasure and amusement to the little ones.

This illustration is very much smaller than the doll, but it gives an absolutely correct idea of how it looks. It is from a photograph just taken, and shows the doll all dressed just as we give it FREE. A drawing could be made so as to look better than the doll itself, but this is direct from the photograph, and

**Photographs
Tell the Truth**

Understand this is no printed cloth or rag doll that has to be made up and stuffed, or a cheap paper doll, such as some concerns give, but a real Dressed Beauty Doll. With doll we also send a handsome Doll's Chair, which we are confident will please you. In addition we will also give you entirely free and send in the same shipment with the Doll and Chair, eight pieces of Indestructible Doll's Food; it comes mounted on Imit. China plates two inches in diameter, and we send the following assortment: One plate each of Roast Chicken, Cold Ham, Lobster, Blue Fish, Pickles, Plum Pudding, Grapes and Oranges. The food is colored perfectly natural, and we know it will delight you. It is something entirely new and novel and will be wanted by all your playmates as soon as they see it.

Our Patrons Are Extremely Well Pleased With Our Premiums, as the Following Letters Show:

Iola B. Mills, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Doll received this p. m. all right. I think it is lovely. Well paid me for my work."
Mrs. F. Cousin, Jacoby, La., writes: "Doll received and we are more than delighted with it. It surely surprised my little girl, and she is delighted."
Mrs. Charles Gray, Paines Point, Ill., writes: "Received doll all right yesterday. It was all right; many thanks."
Rosa Ehrenbach, East Bottoms, Mo., writes: "Received my doll from you and was very much pleased with it. I thank you."
Mrs. J. W. Hallard, Easton, Pa., writes: "Received doll for selling goods and was very much pleased with it. Will answer any question any one may ask concerning it."
Lutie Richmond, Harrisburgh, Pa., writes: "I received my doll and was very much pleased with it."

Katie Livingstone, Yulan, N. Y., writes: "I received the doll Friday all right and it was just as nice as I expected. Thank you kindly for sending it so promptly."
Miss G. E. Folger, North Foxboro, Mass., writes: "The doll received O. K. and was very much pleased with it. It was perfectly satisfactory, and I must thank you for your kindness."
Mary Welch, Millis, Mass., writes: "I am very much pleased with my doll. My mother would like to know how much you would sell a doll for without selling any goods."
Frances Colston, Wakefield, R. I., writes: "I received my doll in due time and am very much pleased with her. She is beautiful."
Elizabeth Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I received the doll with great pleasure, and it is very nice. Many thanks for promptness in sending it."

\$100 REWARD is hereby offered to any person who can prove that our Testimonial letters are not Genuine. We have thousands of similar letters on file. Write today. Address

STANDARD DOLL CO., P. O. Box 5308, Dept. 6, BOSTON, MASS.

**Parker "Lucky Curve"
FOUNTAIN PEN**

Not merely a GOOD pen, but absolutely the BEST pen in the world. Do you want to extend to some dear friend a generous courtesy for a Christmas present?

The PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN makes a most pleasing present for young or old.



More moderate priced pen at \$1.50 and \$2.00. **Palmer Pen**, the best dollar pen made, \$1.00

Parker Pens are made on honor. ACCIDENT POLICY issued with each fountain and KEPT IN REPAIR FREE ONE YEAR

Your dealer can supply you. If he will not do not accept a "just as good" counterfeit which does not have the "Lucky Curve," in which case order direct. Ask for catalogue,

PARKER PEN CO., 70 MILL ST., JANESVILLE, WIS.

FREE A Six-inch Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter sent on receipt of stamp for Postage to any intending purchaser of a Fountain Pen answering this advertisement.



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MEXICO**

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On "The Katy Flyer"
LEAVING ST. LOUIS DAILY AT 8.32 P. M.

"The Only Line That Does It"

If you anticipate a Winter Trip—if you want to spend the time in a balmy climate under azure skies—try Mexico, "The Egypt of the New World." It is a country of picturesque sights and scenes, of strange contrasts to be seen nowhere else on the continent.

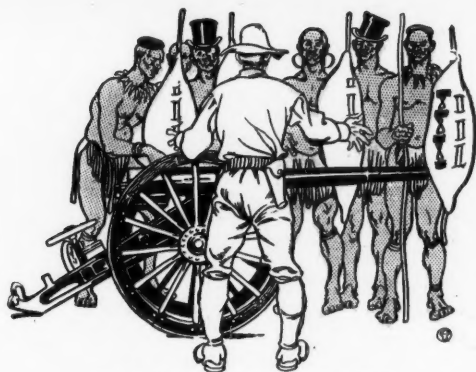
We have a booklet telling about Mexico, particularly about the best way to go. We want you to have it. We want you to ask for any information you may desire about rates, routes, etc. Address



JAMES BARKER

Gen'l Pass'r Agent

525 Wainwright Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.



"I've made her do her stunts before Kaffirs"

the majority preferred their bath. The God who looks after Small Things had caused the visitor that day to receive two weeks' delayed mails *en bloc* from a casual postman, and the whole heavy handle of newspapers, tied in a strap, he dangled ostentatiously as bait. At the edge of the beach, cross-legged, undressed to one sky-blue army shirt, sat a lean ginger-haired man, evidently on guard over half a dozen heaps of clothing. His eyes followed the incoming Atlantic boat.

"Excuse me, mister," he said without turning (and the speech betrayed his nationality), "would you mind keeping away from these garments? I've been elected janitor on the Dutch vote."

The visitor moved against the barbed-wire fence and sat down to his mail. At the rustle of the newspaper wrappers the ginger-colored man turned quickly—the hunger of a press-ridden people in his close-set iron-gray eyes.

"Have you any use for papers?" said the visitor.

"Have I any use?" A lean curved forefinger was already ripping off the outer covers. "Why, that's the New York postmark. Give me the ads at the back of 'Harper's' and 'McClure's,' and I'm in touch with God's country again! Did you know how I was aching for papers?"

The visitor told the tale of the casual postman.

"Providential!" said the ginger-colored man, keen as a terrier on his task. "Both in time and matter. Yes! . . . The 'Scientific American' yet once more! Oh, it's good! It's good." His voice broke as he pressed his hawklike nose against the heavily inked patent-specifications at the end. "Can I keep it? I thank you—I thank you! Why—why—well—well! The 'American Tyler,' of all things created! Do you subscribe to that?"

"I'm on the free list," said the visitor, nodding.

He extended his blue-tanned hand with that air of oriental spaciousness which distinguishes the native-born American and met the visitor's grasp expertly. "I can only say that you have treated me like a brother (yes, I'll take every last one you can spare), and if ever—" He plucked at the bosom of his shirt—"Psha! I forgot I'd no card on me, but my name's Zigler—Laughton O. Zigler. An American? If Ohio's still in the Union, I am, sir. But I'm no extreme State rights man. I've used all my native country and a few others as I have found occasion; and now I am the captive of your bow and spear I'm not kicking at that. I'm not a coerced alien nor a naturalized Texas mule-tender nor an adventurer on the instalment plan. I don't tag after our Consul when he comes around expecting the American eagle to lift me out of here by the slack of my pants. No, sir. If a Britisher went into Indian territory and shot up his surroundings with a Colt automatic (not that she's any sort of weapon, but I take her for an illustration), he'd be strung up quicker'n a snowflake 'ud melt in hell. No Lord Pounceforth hatched 'ud save him. I'm ahead my neck on this game, anyway. That's how I regard the proposition.

"Have I gone gunning against the British? To a certain extent. I presume you never heard of the Laughton-Zigler automatic two-inch field-gun with self-feeding hopper, single oil cylinder recoil and ball-bearing gear throughout? Or Laughtite—the new explosive, absolutely uniform in effect and one-ninth the bulk of any present effete charge—flake, cannonite, cordite, cellulose, cocoa, cord or prism. I don't care what it is. Laughtite's immense! So's the Zigler automatic. That's me—that's fifteen years of me. You're not a gun-sharp? I'm sorry. I could have surprised you. Apart from my gun my tale don't amount to much of anything. I thank you, but I don't use any tobacco you'd be likely to carry. Bull Durham? Bull Durham! I take it all back—every last word. My God! Bull Durham—here! If ever you strike Akron, Ohio, when this fool-war's over, remember you've Laughton O. Zigler in your vest pocket. Including the city of Akron. We've a little club there . . . Hell! What's the sense of talking Akron with no pants on?"

"For two cents I'd have shipped her to our Filipeens. Came mighty near it, too, but from what I'd read in the papers you can't trust Aguinaldo's crowd in scientific matters. Why didn't I offer it to our army? Well, you've an effete aristocracy running yours, and we've a crowd of politicians. The results are practically identical. I'm not taking any U. S. Army in mine.

"I went to Amsterdam with her—to this Dutch gienta that supposes it's bossing the war. I wasn't brought up to love the British for one thing, and for another, I knew that if she got in her fine work (my gun) I'd stand more chance of securing an unbiased report from a crowd of dam fool British officers than from a hatful of politician's nephews doing duty as commissaries and ordnance sharps. As I said, I put the brown man out of the question. That's the way I regarded the proposition.

"The Dutch in Holland don't amount to a row of pins.

Maybe I misjudge 'em. Maybe they'd been swindled too often by self-seeking adventurers to know a disinterested enthusiast when they saw him. Anyway, they'll glower in the wrath of 'God. On delusions—as to their running out next Thursday week at 9 A.M.—they were quite British.

"I'll tell you a curious thing, too. I fought 'em for ten days before I could get the financial side of my game fixed to my liking. I knew they didn't believe in the Zigler, but they'd no call to be crazy mean. I fixed 'em—free passage and freight for me and her to Delagoa Bay and beyond by steam an' rail. Then I went aboard to see her crated, and there I struck my fellow-passengers—all dead-heads, same as me. Well, sir, I turned round in my tracks and besieged the ticket-office, and I said, 'Look at here, Van Drenk. I'm paying for my passage and her room in the hold—every square and cubic foot.' 'Guess he thought I was—. Guess he knocked down the fare to himself; but I paid. I wasn't going to dead-head with that crowd of Pentecostal sweepings. 'Twould have hoodooed the gun for all time. That was the way I regarded the proposition. No, sir. They weren't pretty company at any time.

"When we struck Pretoria I had a hell and a half of a time trying to interest the Dutch vote in the Zigler automatic. The bottom was out of things rather much just about that time. Kruger was praying some and stealing some and the Hollander lot was singing, 'If you haven't any money you needn't come round.' You've been to Koster & Bial's, haven't you? Nobody was spending his dough on anything except tickets to Europe. I was neglected. We were both grossly neglected. When I think how I used to give performances in the public streets with dummy cartridges, filling the hopper and turning the handle till the sweat dropped off me, I blush. I've made her do her stunts before Kaffirs—naked sons of Ham—in Commissioner Street, trying to get a hold somewhere. Did I talk?

"I despise exaggeration—'tain't American nor scientific—but as true as I'm sitting here like a blue-girded baboon in a kloof, Teddy Roosevelt's Western tour was a maiden's sigh compared to my advertising work.

"Long in the Spring I was rescued by a Commandant called Van Zyl—a big fleshy man with a lame leg. Take away his hair and his gun and he'd make a first-class Schenectady barkeep. He found me and the Zigler on the veldt (Pretoria wasn't wholesome just about then), and he annexed me in a somnambulist sort of way. He was dead against the War from the start, but, being a Dutchman, he fought a sight better than the rest of the God-and-the-Mauser outfit. Adrian Van Zyl slept a heap in the day time and didn't love niggers. I liked him. I was the only foreigner in his commando. The rest was—well, have you ever been among the Crackers? That's what they were—Georgia crackers and Pennsylvania Dutch—with a dash of Philadelphia lawyer. I could tell you things about them would surprise you. Religion for one thing; women for another; but I don't know as their notions of geography weren't the craziest. Guess that must be some sort of automatic compensation. There wasn't one blamed ant hill in their own district they didn't know and use, but the world was flat and England was a day's trek from Cape Town.

"They could fight in their own way, and don't you forget it. But I guess you won't. They fought to kill; and by what I could make out, the British fought to be killed, so both parties were accommodated.

"I am the captive of your bow and spear, sir. The position has its obligations. On both sides. You could not be offensive or partisan to me. I cannot for the same reason be offensive to you. Therefore I will not give you my opinions on the conduct of the war. Anyway, I didn't take the field as an offensive partisan, but as an inventor. It was a condition and not a theory that confronted me. (Yes, sir, I'm a Democrat by conviction; and that was one of the best things Grover ever got off.)

"After three months' trek old man Van Zyl had his commando in good shape and refitted off the British, and he reckoned he'd wait on a British general of his acquaintance that did business on a circuit between Johalputo, Vrelegen and Odendaalstroom—year in and year out. He was a fixture in that section.

"He's a dam good man," says Van Zyl. 'He's a friend of mine. He sent in a fine doctor when I was wounded; and our Hollander doc. wanted to cut my leg off. Ya, I guess we'll stay with him.' Up to date, me and the Zigler had lived in innocuous disquietude owing to little odds and ends riding out of gear. How in thunder was I to know there wasn't the ghost of any road in the country? No axes could stand up under it. But raw hide's cheap and lastin'. I guess I'll make my next Zigler a thousand pounds heavier, though.

"Well, sir, we struck the old man in his feat—Vrelegen it was; and our crowd opened with the usual compliments at two thousand yards. Van Zyl shook himself into his greasy old saddle and says: 'Now we shall be quite happy, Mr. Zigler. No more dam trekking. Joost twelve miles a day till the apricots are ripe.'

"Then we hitched on to his outposts and vedettes and Cossack pickets, or whatever they was, and we wandered round the veldt arm in arm like brothers.

"The way we worked the dodge was this way. The General he had his breakfast at 8:45 A.M. to the tick ('might have been a Long Island commuter). At 8:42 A.M. I'd go down to the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry to meet him. I mean I'd see the Zigler into position at two thousand (I began at three, but that was too cold and distant), and blow him off to two full hoppers—eighteen rounds—just as they were bringing in his ham. If his crowd was busy celebrating the anniversary of Waterloo or the last royal kid's birthday, they'd open on me with two guns (I'll tell

you about them later on), but if disengaged they'd all stand to their horses and pile on the regulation ironmongery—washers and typewriters and five weeks' grub—and in half an hour they'd sail out after me and the rest of Van Zyl's boys; lying down and firing till 11:45 A.M., or maybe high noon. Then we'd go from labor to refreshment: returning at 2 P.M. and battling till tea time.

"Tuesdays and Fridays was the old man's moving day. He'd trek ahead ten or twelve miles and we'd loaf around his flankers and exercise the ponies a piece. Sometimes he'd get bung up in a drift—stalled crossin' a creek—and we'd make playful snatches at his wagons. First time that happened I turned the Zigler loose with high hopes, sir, but the old man was well posted on rear-guards with a gun to 'em; and I had to haul her back with two mules instead o' six. I was pretty mad. I wasn't looking for any experts back of the Royal British Artillery. The game was even mostly. He'd lay out three or four of our commando, and we'd gather in four or five of his once a week or thereon. One time I remember, 'long toward dusk, we saw 'em burying five of their boys. They stood pretty thick around the graves. We wasn't more than fifteen hundred yards off; but old Van Zyl wouldn't fire. He just took off his hat at the proper time. He said if you stretched a man at prayers, you'd have to hump his bad luck as well as your own. I'm inclined to agree with him. So we browsed along week in and week out. A war-sharp might have judged it sort of docile, but for an inventor needing practice one day and peace the next for checking his theories, it suited Laughton O. Zigler.

"And friendly? Friendly was no word for it. We was brothers in arms.

"Why, I knew the two guns of the Royal British Artillery as well as I used to know the old Fifth Avenue stages. They might have been brothers too.

"They'd jolt into action and wriggle around and skid and spit and cough and prize 'emself back again during our hours of bloody battle till I could have wept, sir, at the spectacle of modern white men chained up to these old hand-power, back-number flint and steel, hand rasping-machines. One of 'em—I called her Baldy—she'd a long white scar all along her barrel, I'd made sure of twenty times—I knew her crew by sight, but she'd come switching and tottering out of the dust of my shells like—like a hen from under a buggy, and she'd dip into a gully; and the next thing I'd know 'ud be her old



"I saw him slide a Prayer-book up his sleeve"

nose peeking over the ridge looking for us. Her runnin' mate had two gray mules in the lead and a natural wood wheel unpainted, and a whole raft of rope ends trailin' around. I never see Tom Reed with his vest off, steerin' Congress through a heat-wave? I've been to Washin'-ton often—too much—workin' my patents. I called her Tom Reed. We three 'ud play pussy-wants-a-corner all around the outposts on off-days, 'cross lots through the sage and along the mezas till he was short-circuited by canyons. Oh, it was great for me and Baldy and Tom Reed. I don't know as we didn't neglect our legitimate business sometimes for this ball-play. I know I did.

"Long toward the fall they grew shy—hung back in their breeching sort of—and their shooting was 'way 'way off. I observed they wasn't taking any chances, not though I acted kitten almost underneath 'em.

"I mentioned it to Van Zyl; because it struck me I'd about knocked their royal British morale endways.

"No," says he, rocking as usual on his heels, 'my Captain Mankelton, he is sick, that's all.'

"So's his guns," I said. 'I'm going to make 'em a heap sicker before he gets well.'

"No," says Van Zyl, 'he has had the enteric a little. Now he is better, and he was let out from hospital at Johalputo. Ah! that Mankelton. He always makes me laugh so. I told him—long back—at Colesberg I had a little home for him at Nooitgedacht. But he would not come—no! He has been sick and I am sorry.'

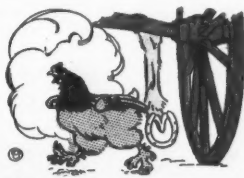
"How d'you get on to it?" I says.

"Why, only to-day he sends back his love by Johanna Mekeik that goes into their camp for her sick baby's eyes. He sends his love, that Mankelton, and he tells her to tell me he has a little garden of roses all ready for me in the Dutch Indies—Umballa. He is very funny, my Captain Mankelton.'

"The Dutch and the English ought to get on well, sir. They've the same notions of humor to my thinking.

"Well, he gets well," says Van Zyl; 'you look out, Mr. American. He comes back to his guns next Tuesday. Then they shoot better.'

"I wasn't so dam well acquainted with the Royal British Artillery as old man Van Zyl. I knew this Captain Mankelton by sight, of course, and, considering what sort of a man with a hoe he was, I thought he'd done right well against the Zigler. But nothing epoch-making.



"Like a hen from under a buggy"

"Next morning, at the usual time, I waited on the General, and old Van Zyl came along with some of the boys. Van Zyl didn't hang around the Zigler much, as a rule, but this was his luck that day."

"He was peeking through his glasses at the camp, and I was helping cook the General's sow-belly—just as usual, when he turns round to me quick and says: 'Almighty! how all these Englishmen are liars. You can not trust one,' he says. 'Captain Mankelton tells our Johanna he is not back till Tuesday, and there he is! Almighty! The English are all Chamberlains!'"

"If the old man hadn't stopped to make political speeches he'd have had his supper in laager that night, I guess. I was busy attending to Tom Reed when Baldy got in her fine work. I saw one sheet of white flame wrapped round the hopper, and in the middle of it there was a mule straight on end. Nothing out of the way in a mule on end, but this mule hadn't any head. I remember it struck me as interesting at the time, and when I ciphered it out, I was doing the Santos-Dumont act without the balloon and the motor out of gear. Then I got to thinking about Santos-Dumont and how much better my way was. Then I thought about Professor Langley and the Smithsonian, and wishing I hadn't lied so extravagantly in some of my specifications at Washington. Then I quit thinking for quite a while, and when I resumed my train of thought I was nude, sir, in a very stale stretch; and my mouth was full of fine dirt all flavored with Laughtite."

"I coughed up that dirt."

"Hullo!" says a man walking beside me. "You've spoke just in time. Have a drink."

"I don't take rum, but I did then—because I needed it."

"What hit us?" I said.

"Me," he said. "I got you fair on the hopper as you pulled out of that donga, but I'm sorry to say every last round in the hoppers exploded, and your gun's in a shocking state. I'm real sorry," he says. "I admired your gun, sir."

"Are you Captain Mankelton?" I says.

"Yes," he says. "I presom you're Mister Zigler. Your commanding officer told me about you."

"Have you gathered in old man Van Zyl?" I said.

"Commandant Van Zyl," he says very stiff, "was most unfortunately wounded, but I am glad to say not seriously. We hope he'll be able to dine with us to-night, and I feel sure," he says, "the General would be delighted to see you, too. Though he didn't expect," he says, "And no one else, either, by Jove," he says; and dried up like the British do when they're embarrassed. That's the word, ain't it?"

"I saw him slide an Episcopalian prayer-book up his sleeve; and when I looked over the edge of the stretcher there was half a dozen enlisted men—privates—had just quit digging and was standing to attention by their spades. I guess he was right on the General not expecting me to dinner, but it was all of a piece with their sloppy British way of doing business. Any God's quantity of fuss and flubdub to bury a man, and not an ounce of preparedness in the whole outfit to find out whether he was rightly dead. And I'm a Congregationalist, anyway."

"Well, sir, that was my introduction to the British army. I'd write a book about it if any one would believe me. This Captain Mankelton, Royal British Artillery, turned the Doctor on me (I could write another book about him), and fixed me up with a set of his own clothes and fed me canned beef and biscuits and gave me a cigar—a Henry Clay—and a whiskey and sparklet. He was a white man."

"Ye-es, by Jove," he said, dragging out his words like a twist of molasses. "We've all admired your gun and the way you've worked it. Some of us betted you was a British deserter. I won a sovereign on that from a Yeoman, and by the way," he says, "you've disappointed my groom pretty bad."

"Where does your groom come in?" I said.

"Oh, he was the Yeoman. He's a dam poor groom," says my Captain, "but he's a way-up barrister when he's at home. He's been running round the camp with his tongue out waiting for the chance of defending you at the Court Martial."

"What Court Martial?" I says.

"On you as a deserter from the Artillery. You'd have had a good run for your money. Anyway, you'd never have been hung after the way you worked your gun. Deserter ten times over," he says, "I'd have stuck out for shooting you like a gentleman."

"Well, sir, right there it struck me at the pit of my stomach—sort of sickish, sweetish feeling—that my position needed regularizing pretty bad. I ought to have been a naturalized Burgher of a year's standing; but Ohio's my State, and I wouldn't have gone back on her for a desert-full of Dutchmen. That and my enthusiasm as an inventor had led me to the existing crisis; but I couldn't expect this Captain Mankelton to see it that way. There I sat the rankest breed of unreconstructed American citizen caught red-handed squirting hell at the British army for months on end. I tell you, sir, I wished I was in Cincinnati that summer evening. I'd have compromised on Brooklyn."

"What do you do about aliens?" I said; and the dirt I'd coughed up seemed to be back of my tongue again.

"Oh," says he, "we don't do much of anything. They're about all the Society we get. I'm a bit of a pro-Boer myself," he says, "but between you and me, the average Boer ain't over and above intellectual. You're the fust American we've met up with, but, of course, you're a burgher."

"It was what I ought to have been if I'd had the sense of a common tick; but the way he strung it out made me mad."

"Of course I am not," I says. "Would you be a naturalized Boer?"

"I'm fighting against 'em," he says, lighting a cigarette; "but it's all a matter of opinion."

"Well," I says, "you can hold any blame opinion you choose, but I'm a white man, and my present intention is to die that color."

"He laughed one of those big, thick-ended British laughs that don't lead anywhere, and whacked up some sort of crazy compliment about America that made me mad all through."

"I am the captive of your bow and spear, sir, but I do not understand the alleged British joke."

"I was introduced to five or six officers that evening, and every blamed one of 'em grinned and asked me why I wasn't in the Filipeens suppressing our war! And that was British humor. They all had to get it off their chests before they'd talk sense. But they was sound on the Zigler. They all admired her. I made out a fairy story of me being wearied of the war, and having pushed the gun at them these last three months in the hope they'd capture it and let me go home. That tickled 'em to death. They made me say it three times over, and laughed like kids each time. But half the British are kids. Specially the older men. My Captain Mankelton was less of it than the others. He talked about the Zigler like a lover, sir; and I drew him diagrams of the hopper-feed and recoil cylinder in his notebook. He asked the one British question I was waiting for: 'Hadden't I made my working parts too light?' The British think weight's strength."

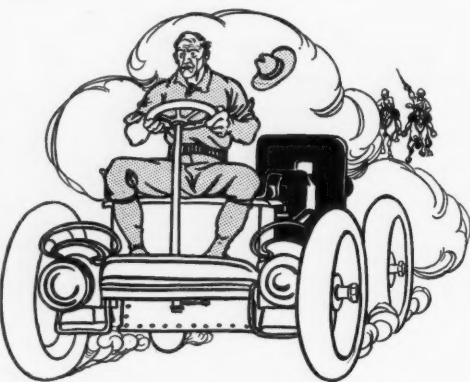
"At last (I'd been shy of opening the subject before) —at last I said: 'Gentlemen, you're the unprejudiced tribunal I've been hunting after. I guess you ain't interested in any other gun factory and politics don't weigh with you. How did it feel your end of the game? What's my gun done, anyhow?'"

"I hate to disappoint you," says Captain Mankelton, "because I know how you feel as an inventor."

"I wasn't feeling like an inventor just then. I felt friendly, but the British haven't more tact than you can pick up with a fork."

"The honest truth," he says, "is that you've wounded about ten of us one way and another, killed two battery horses and four mules and—oh, yes," he said; "you've bagged five Kaffirs. But buck up," he says, "we've all had mighty close calls—shaves he called 'em, I remember. 'Look at my pants.'"

"They was mended right across the seat with Minneapolis flour-bagging."



"Might work in a motor under the axles"

"I ain't bluffing," he says. "Get the hospital returns, Doc."

"The Doctor gets 'em and reads 'em out under the proper dates. That Doctor alone was worth the price of admission."

"I was glad right through that I hadn't killed any of these cheerful kids; but I couldn't help thinking that a few more Kaffirs would have served me just as well for advertising purposes as white men. No, sir. Any which way you regard the proposition, twenty-one casualties after months of close friendship like ours was—paltry."

"They gave me toffy about the gun—the British use toffy where we use sugar. It's cheaper, and gets there just the same. They sat around and prosed to me that my gun was too good—too uniform—shot as close as a Mannlicher rifle."

"Says one kid chewing a bit of grass: 'I counted eight of your shells, sir, burst in a radius of ten feet. All of 'em would have gone through one wagon tilt. It was beautiful,' he says. 'It was too good.'"

"I shouldn't wonder if the boys weren't right. My Laughtite is mathematically uniform in propelling power. Yes; she was too good for that refractory fool of a country. The training gear was broke, too, and we had to swivel her around by the trail. But I'll build my next Zigler fifteen pounds heavier. Might work in a motor under the axles . . . gasoline it 'ud have to be."

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "I'd hate to have been the death of any of you. And if a prisoner can deed away his property, I'd love to present the Captain here with what he's seen fit to use of my Zigler."

"Thanks awf'ly," says my Captain. "I'd like her very much. She'd look fine in the mess at Woolwich. That is if you don't mind, Mr. Zigler."

"Go ahead for all of me," I says. "I've come out of all the mess I've any care for; but she'll do to spread the light among the Royal British Artillery."

"I tell you, sir, there's not much if anything the matter with the Royal British Artillery. They're brainy men languishing under an effete system which, when you take a good hold of it, is England—just all England. Times I'd feel I was talking with real live citizens, and times I'd feel I'd struck the Beef Eater in the Tower."

"How? Well, this way. I was tellin' my Captain Mankelton what Van Zyl had said about the British being all Chamberlains when the old man saw him back from hospital three days ahead of time."

"Oh, damn it all," he says as serious as the Supreme Court. "It's too bad," he says. "Johanna must have misunderstood me or else I've got the wrong Dutch word"

for these blasted days of the week. I told her I'd be out on Friday. Out, da-am it all," he says. "I wouldn't have sold old Van Zyl a pup like that," he says. "I must hunt him up and explain." He must have fixed it all right, for when we sailed over to the General's dinner, my Captain had Van Zyl about half full of sherry and bitters; as happy as a clam. The boys all called him Adrian, and treated him like their prodigal father. He'd been hit on the collar-bone by a lump of something, and his arm was all tied up."

"But the General was the peach. I presom you're acquainted with the average run of British generals. But he was my first. I sat on his left hand and he talked like—the 'Ladies Home Journal.' Never read that paper? It's refined, sir—and innocuous and full of nickel-plated sentiments guaranteed to improve the mind. He was it. He began by a heart to heart about my health, and hoped the boys had done me well, and that I was enjoying my stay in their midst. Then he thanked me for the interesting and valuable lessons that I'd given his crowd—specially in the matter of placing artillery and rear-guard attacks. He'd wipe his long thin mustache between drinks—lime juice and water he used—and blot off into a long 'A-ah,' and ladled out more toffy for me or old man Van Zyl on his right. I told him how I'd had my first Pisgah-sight of the principles of the Zigler when I was a fourth-class postmaster on a stem route in Arkansas. I told him how I'd worked it up by instalments when I was a machinist in Waterbury, where the dollar watches come from. I told him how I'd met Zalinski (he'd never heard of Zalinski) when I was an extra clerk in the Navy Construction Bureau at Washington. I told him how my uncle that was a truck farmer in New Jersey (he loaned money on mortgage too, for tin never ain't enough in New Jersey)—how he'd willed me a quarter of a million dollars because I was the only one of our kin that called him down when he used to come home with a hard cider jag on him and heave ox-bows at his niece. I told him how I'd burned in every red cent on the Zigler and the whole circus of my coming out with her and so on and so following, and every forty seconds he'd wipe his mustash and blot, 'How interesting. Really now. How interesting.'"

"It was like living in an old English book, sir. Like 'Bracebridge Hall,' but an American wrote that. I kept peeking round the corner for the Boar's Head and the Rosemary and Magna Charta and the Cricket on the Hearth and the rest of the outfit. Then Van Zyl whirled in. He was no ways jagged, but thawed—thawed out among friends. They began discussing precious scraps all along the old man's beat—about six of 'em—as well as side shows with other generals and a column a week or so before I'd joined him. He demonstrated the strategy with forks on the table."

"There!" says the General when he'd finished. "That proves my contention to the hilt. Maybe I'm a bit of a pro-Boer, but I stick to it," he says, "that under proper officers, with due regard to his prejudices, the Boer 'ud make the finest mounted infantry in the Empire. Adrian," he says, "you're simply squandered on a cattle-run. You ought to be at the staff college with De Wet."

"You catch De Wet and I come to your staff college—eh," says Adrian, laughing. "But you are so slow, General. Why are you so slow? For a month," he says, "you are so well and strong that we say we shall hands up and come back to our farms. Then you send to England and make us a present of two—three—six hundred young men with rifles and wagons and rum and tobacco and such a great lot of cartridges that our young men put their tails up and start all over again. If you hold an ox by the horn and hit him by the bottom he runs round and round. He never goes anywhere. So, too, this war goes round and round. You know that, General!"

"Quite right, Adrian," says the General; "but you must believe your Bible."

"Hoo!" says Adrian, and reaches for the whiskey. "I've never known a Dutchman a professing atheist, but some few have been rather active agnostics since the British sat down in Pretoria. Old man Van Zyl—he told me—had soured on religion after Bloemfontein surrendered. He was a Free Stater for one thing."

"He that believeth," says the General, "shall not make haste. That's in Isaiah. We believe we are going to win, and so we don't make haste. As far as I'm concerned, I'd like the war to last another five years. We'd have an army then. It's just this way, Mr. Zigler," he says, "our people are brimful of patriotism, but they've been born and brought up between hedges, and England ain't big enough to train 'em, not if you expect to preserve."

"Preserve what?" I says. "England?"

"No. The game," he says. "And that reminds me, gentlemen, we haven't drunk 'The King and Fox Hunting.'"

"So they drank 'The King and Fox Hunting.' I drank the King because there's something about Edward that tickles me (he's so blame British); but I rather stood out on the fox hunting. I've rid after wolves in the cattle countries, and needed a drink pretty bad afterward, but it never struck me as I ought to drink about it hereditarily."

"As I was saying, Mr. Zigler," he went on, "we have to train our men in the field to shoot and ride. I allow six months for it, but many column commanders—not that I ought to say a word against 'em, for they're the best fellows that ever stepped, and most of 'em are my dearest friends—seem to think that if they have men and horses and guns they can take tea with the Boers. It's generally the other way about, isn't it, Mr. Zigler?"

"So it is," I said.

"I'm so glad you agree with me," he says. "My command here I regard as a training depot, and you, if I may say so, have been one of my most efficient instructors. I mature my men slowly but thoroughly. First I put 'em in a town which is liable to be attacked at . . ."

night. Where they can attend riding-school in the day. Then I use 'em with a column, and last I put 'em on to a convoy. It takes time," he says, "but I flatter myself that any men who have worked under me are at least grounded in the rudiments of their professional career. Adrian," he says, "was there anything wrong with the men who upset Van Besters' apple cart last month when he was trying to cross the line to join Piper with those horses he'd stolen from Gabbitas?"

"No, General," says Van Zyl, "they got the horses back and eleven dead, and Van Besters he ran to Dela Bay in his shirt. They were very good, those men. They shot hard."

"So pleased to hear you say so. I laid 'em down at the beginning of this century—a 1900 vintage. You remember 'em, Mankelton?" he says. "The Central Middlesex Broncho Busters—clerks and floor-walkers mostly—and he wiped his mustash. 'It was just the same with the Liverpool Buck Jumpers, but they were stevedores. Let's see. They were a last century draft, weren't they? They did well after nine months. You know 'em, Van Zyl? You didn't get much change out of 'em at Potfontein?"

"No," says Van Zyl; "at Potfontein I lost my Andries."

"I beg your pardon, Commandant," says the General, and the rest of the crowd sort of cooed over Adrian.

"Excuse," says Adrian. "It was all right. They were good men those, but it is just what I say, some are so dam good we want to hands up, and some are so dam bad we say, 'Take the vierkleur into Kaapstadt.'" It is not upright of you, General. It is not upright of you at all. I do not think you ever wish this war to finish."

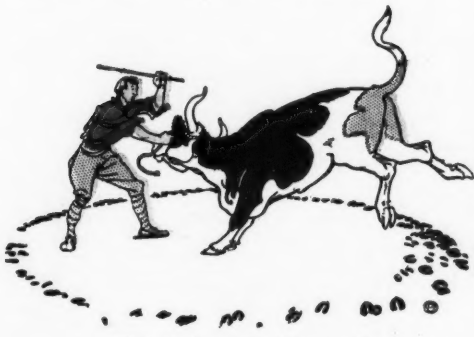
"It's a first class dress-parade for Armageddon," says the General. "With luck we ought to run half a million men through this mill. Why, we might even be able to give the native army a look in. Oh, not here of course, Adrian; but down in the colony—say a camp of exercise at Worcester. You mustn't be prejudiced, Adrian. I've commanded a district in India, and I give you my word the native troops are splendid men."

"Oh, I should not mind them at Worcester," says Adrian. "I would sell you forage for them at Worcester—yes, and Paarl and Stellenbosch—but, Almighty," he says, "must I stay with Cronje till you have taught half a million of these stupid boys to ride? I shall be an old man."

"Well, sir, then and there they began arguing whether St. Helena would suit Adrian's health as well as some other places they knew about, and fixing up letters of introduction to dukes and lords of their acquaintance, so's Van Zyl should be well looked after. We own a fair-sized block of real estate—America does—but it made me sickish to hear this crowd fluttering round the atlas (oh, yes, they had an atlas), and selecting stray continents for Adrian to drink coffee in. The old man allowed he didn't want to roost with Cronje because one of Cronje's kin had jumped one of his farms after Paar-deberg. I forgot the rights of the case, but it was interesting. They decided on a place called Umballa, in India, because there is a first-class doctor there. So Adrian was fixed to drink 'The King and Fox Hunting' and study up the Native Army in India (I'd like to see 'em myself) till the British General had taught the male white citizens of Great Britain how to ride. Don't misunderstand me, sir, I loved that General. After ten minutes I loved him and I wanted to laugh at him, but at the same time setting there and hearing him talk about the centuries, I tell you, sir, it scared me. It scared me cold. He admitted everything—he acknowledged the corn before you spoke—he was more pleased to hear that his men had been used to wipe the veldt with than I was when I knocked out Tom Reed's two leading horses—and he sat back and blew smoke through his nose and maturated his men like cigars and talked of the centuries!"

"I went to bed nearer nervous prostration than I'd come in a long time. Next morning me and Captain Mankelton fixed up what his shrapnel had left of my Zigler for transport to the railroad. She went in on her own wheels, and I stencilled Royal Artillery Mess, Woolwich on the muzzle, and he said he'd be grateful if I'd take charge of her to Cape Town and hand her over to a cluck in the Ordnance there. Then he said, 'How are you fixed financially? You'll need some money on the way home.'"

"For one thing, Cap," I said, "I am not a poor man, and for another I'm not going home. I'm the captive of your bow and spear. I decline to resign office."



"If you hold an ox by the horn..."

"Skittles," he says (that was a pet word of his), "you'll take parole and go back to America and invent another Zigler a trifle heavier in the working parts—I would. We've got more prisoners than we know what to do with as it is," he says. "You'll only be an additional expense to me as a taxpayer. Think of schedule D," he says, "and take parole."

"I don't know anything about your tariff," I said,

"but when I get to Cape Town I write home for money, and I'll turn in every cent my board'll cost your country to any ten-century-old department that's been ordained to take it since William the Conqueror came along."

"But confound you for a thick-headed mule," he says, "this war ain't any more than just started. Do you mean to tell me you're going to play prisoner till it's through?"

"That's about the size of it," I says, "if an Englishman and an American could ever understand each other."

"But in heaven's name why?" he says, sitting down of a heap.

"Well, Cap," I says, "I don't pretend to follow your ways of thought, and I can't see why you abuse your position to persecute a poor prisoner o' war on his."

"My dear fellow," he began, throwing up his hands and blushing, "I'll apologize."

"But if you insist," I says, "there are just one and a half things in this world I can't do. The odd half don't matter here, but taking parole and going home and being interviewed by the boys and giving lectures on my single-handed campaign against the hereditary enemies of my beloved country happens to be the one. We'll let it go at that, Cap."

"But it'll bore you to death," he says. The British are a heap more afraid of being bored than of dying, I've noticed."

"I'll survive," I says. "I ain't English. I can think," I says.

"By God," he says, coming up to me and extending the right hand of fellowship, "you ought to be English, Zigler."

"It's no good getting mad at a compliment like that. The English all do it. They're a crazy breed. When they don't know you, they freeze up tighter'n the St. Lawrence. When they do, they go out like an ice-cream in April. Up till we prisoners left—four days—my Captain Mankelton told me pretty much all about himself there was—his mother and his sisters and his bad brother, that was a trooper in some Colonial corps, and how his father didn't get on with him, and—well, everything as I've said. They're undomesticated, the British, compared with us. They talk about their own family affairs as if they belonged to some one else. Tain't as if they hadn't any shame, but it sounds like it. I guess they talk out loud what we think and we talk out loud what they think."

"I've remarked that most about money. We want the dollars to play with. But the English they want the dollars to play with them. And another thing, I've never know that Jews—Shenees, sir—professing Hebrews, went in real high British society? I never did. My Captain Mankelton had friends among 'em—fed 'em in his own house in England. And they use the same hotels as white people in England. Were you ever at Lakewood? Ah!"

"I liked him. I liked him as well as any man I'd ever struck. He was white. He gave me his silver drinking flask and I gave him the formula of my Lighthouse. That's a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in his vest pocket on the lowest count if he has the know how to use it. No, I didn't tell him the money value."

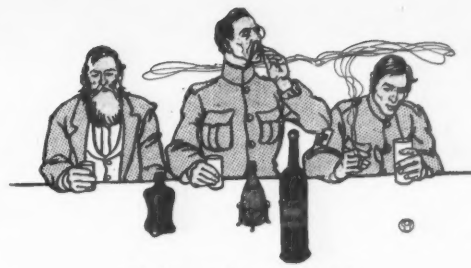
"Well, me and Adrian and a crowd of dam Dutchmen were sent down the road to Cape Town in first-class carriages under escort. What did I think of your enlisted men? They are largely different from ours, sir—very largely. As I was saying, we slid down south with Adrian looking out of the car window and crying. Dutchmen cry mighty easy for a breed that fights as they do, but I never understood how a Dutchman could curse till we crossed into the Orange Free State—Colony—and he lifted up his hand and cursed Steyn for a solid ten minutes. Then we got into the colony, and the rebs—ministers mostly and schoolmasters—came round the cars with fruit and sympathy and texts. Van Zyl talked to 'em in Dutch, and one man, a big red-bearded minister, at Beaufort West, I remember, he just prayed on the platform."

"Keep your prayers for yourself," says Van Zyl, throwing back a bunch of grapes. "You'll need 'em and you'll need the fruit too when the war comes down here. You done it," he says, "you and your played out church that's deader than Cronje's dead horses. What sort of a God have you been unloading on us, you black aas soyel? The British came and we beat 'em," he says, "and you sat still and prayed. The British beat us and you sat still," he says. "You told us to hang on and we hung on, and our farms was burned, and you sat still—you and your God. See here," he says, "I shot my Bible full of bullets after Bloemfontein went, and you and God didn't say anything. Take it and pray over it before we Federals help the British to knock hell out of you."

"Then I hauled him back into the car. I judged he'd had a fit. But life's curious. And sudden. And mixed. I hadn't any more use for a religion than Van Zyl, and I knew something of the lies they'd fed us up with from the Colony for a year or more. I told the minister to pull his freight out of that, and went on with my bunch when another man came along and shook hands with Van Zyl. He'd known him at close range in the Kimberley siege and before. The old man was very well seen by his neighbors all around, I judge. Soon as this other man opened his mouth I said: 'You're Kentucky, ain't you?' 'I am,' he says, 'and what may you be?' I told him right off—for I was pleased to hear good United States in any man's mouth, but he whipped his hands behind him and said: 'I'm not knowing any man that fights for a Tammany Dutchman. But I presoon you've been well paid, you dam gun-runnin' Yank.'"

"Well, sir, I wasn't looking for that, and it near knocked me over, while old man Van Zyl started to explain."

"Don't you waste your breath, Mister Van Zyl," he says. "I know this breed. The South's full of 'em." Then he spins around on me and says: 'Look at here. You. A little thing like a king's neither here nor there, but what you've done,' he says, 'is to go back on the



"And blat off into a long 'A-ah'"

white man in six places at once—two hemispheres and four continents—America, England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Don't open your head," he says. "You know right well if you'd been caught at this game in our country you'd have been jiggling in the bight of a lariat before you could reach for your naturalization papers. Go on and prosper," he says. "And you'll fetch up by fighting for niggers same as the North did." And he threw me half a crown—English money."

"Sir, I do not regard the proposition in that light, but I guess I must have been badly shook by the explosion. They told me at Cape Town my ribs was driven in on to my lungs. I am not adducing this as an excuse, but the cold God's truth of the matter—the money on the floor did it. . . . I give up and cried. Put my head down and cried."

"I dream about this still sometimes. He didn't know the circumstances, but I dream about it, and it's hell."

"How do you regard the proposition—as a Brother? If you'd invented your own gun, and spent fifty-seven thousand dollars on her—and had paid your own expenses from the word go. An American citizen has a right to choose his own side in an unpleasantness, and Van Zyl wasn't any Krugerite. . . . and I'd risked my hide at my own expense. I got his address from Van Zyl—he was a mining man at Johannesburg, and I wrote him the facts. But he never answered. 'Guess he thought I lied. Oh, say. Did I tell you? My Captain gave me a letter to an English lord in Cape Town, and he fixed things so's I could lie up and piece in his house. I was pretty sick, and threw up some blood from where the rib had gouged into the lung—here. He was a crank on quick-firing guns, and he took charge of the Zigler. He had his knife into the British System as much as any American. He said he wanted resolution and not reform in the army. He said the British soldier had failed in every point except courage. He said England needed a Monroe Doctrine worse than America—a new doctrine barring out all the continent and strictly devoting herself to developing her own colonies. He said he'd abolish half the Foreign Office, and take all the old hereditary families clean out of it, because, he said, they was expressly learned to fool around with continental diplomats and to despise the colonies. His own family wasn't more than six hundred years old. He was a very hairy man and a good citizen. We talked politics and inventions together when my lung let up on me."

"Did he know my General? Yes. He knew 'em all—called 'em Teddie and Gussie and Willie. They was all of the very best and all his dearest friends, but he told me confidentially they were none of 'em fit to command a column in the field. He said they were too fond of adventuring. Generals don't seem very different from actors—or inventors."

"He fixed things for me lovely at Simonstown. Had the biggest sort of pull—even for a lord. At first they treated me as a harmless lunatic, but after a while I got 'em to let me keep some of their books. If I was left alone in the world with the British system of book-keeping I'd reconstruct the whole British Empire—beginning with the army. Yes. I'm one of their most trusted accountants, and I'm paid for it—as much as a dollar a day. I keep that. I've earned it, and I deduct it from the cost of my board. When the war is over I'm going to pay up the balance to the British Government. Yes, sir. That's how I regard the proposition."

"Adrian? Oh, he—he left for Umballa four months back. He told me he was going to apply to join the National Scouts if the war didn't end in a year. 'Tisn't in nature for one Dutchman to shoot another, but if Adrian ever meets up with Steyn there'll be an exception to the rule. Ye-es. When the war's over it'll take half the British army to protect Steyn from his fellow patriots. But the war won't be over yet awhile. 'He that believeth don't hurry,' as Isaiah says. The ministers and the school-teachers and the rebs'll have a war all to themselves long after the North is quiet."

"I'm pleased with this country. It's big. Not so many folk on the ground as in America. There's a boom coming sure. I've talked it over with Adrian, and I guess I shall buy a farm somewhere near Bloemfontein and start in cattle raising. It's big and peaceful—a ten thousand acre farm. I could go on inventing there too. I'll sell my Zigler right out. I'll offer the patent rights to the British Government, and if they do the 'really now how interesting' act over her I'll turn her over to Captain Mankelton and his friend the lord. They'll pretty quick find some Gussie or Teddie or Algie who can get her accepted in the proper quarters. I'm beginning to know my English."

"Now I'll go in swimming and read the papers after lunch. I haven't had such a good time since Willie died."

He pulled the blue shirt over his head as the bathers returned to their piles of clothing, and speaking through the folds, added:

"But if you want to realize your assets you should leave the whole proposition to America for ninety-nine years."



"MR. DOOLEY"

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MR. DOOLEY GUESSES ABOUT WOMEN

By F. P. DUNNE

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ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"I HAVE to talk about women," said Mr. Dooley. "Do ye know annything about thim?"

"Nawthin," said Mr. Hennessy. "I've been livin' with wan so long that she looks like me, but she's as much iv a gamble to me now as she iver was. I know what she'll do. She'll do what I tell her to do if she plazes. But I can niver more thin guess what she's thinkin' about."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "women is s'trange crathers. I niver pretended to larn thim. I can tell be th' cut iv a man's coat or his whiskers, be th' way he walks, be his attichood at th' bar, be a light wurrud spoke in jest or a heavy wurrud in anger, be a glance at th' side iv his face as he passes a lookin'-glass, what kind iv a man he is. Wan thing I'll always bet on—he ain't much diff'rent fr'm anny other man. If I want to get a line on what he'd do in case iv fire, I ask mesilf what I wud do in case iv fire. I, mesilf, am ivry man. Barrin' iddycation an' th' business we're in, th' King iv England, th' Impror iv Russhya, Kaiser Wilhelm th' Busy, Teddy Rosenfelt, J. Pierpont Morgan, th' Prince iv Siam an' Martin Dooley is all out iv th' same peck measure. If I know mesilf, I know thim all. King, czar, potintate, doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief, rich man, poor man, beggar man, congressman—they're all me with better or worse clothes. They're a kind iv a Martin Dooley down shootin' bears an' coons in th' swamps iv Mississippi; they're another cockin' up his heels at Windsor Castle; they're a Martin Dooley iv some sort on ivry throne iv Europe, an' ivry ash heap in Canal Shreet. I don't say all men ar-re brothers. All men are ME. Th' little tape line that I use f'r mesilf is long enough an' acc'rate enough to measure anny man in th' wurruld, an' if it happens that I'm ladlin' out red impeerialism at tin cints th' glass instead iv breakin' stone at Joliet or frinds in Wall Shreet, it's because I started th' way I did."

"But whin it comes to sizin' up th' ladies, Gawd bless thim an' tache thim their places, I hang up th' rule, th' compass an' th' tape line, an' go be guess an' be luck. In dalin' with women a man mus' play entirely be ear. They're a good many men that'll tell ye they know all about thim. Almost anny young unmarrid man between eighteen an' twinty-wan cud map a woman out f'r ye as plain as State Shreet. He has her mind an' her sowl charted an' he takes a squint at th' north star, f'r he wud disdain to steer be annything less, sets his coorse, ties down th' tiller an' goes to sleep. He wakes up in th' roarin' forties wrecked on an iceberg."

"See young Terence Riordan comin' out iv th' front dure iv Callahan's house with his chin in th' air an' his hat cocked over his ear. Is there annything about women that he don't know, from Claypathry to Carrie Nation? Divvle th' thing. He's taken his degree. Women is mental arithmetic f'r him. He does sums about thim in his head. All ye have to do to win a woman, says Terence Riordan, is to look like Terence Riordan. As f'r Ellen Callahan that he's keepin' comp'ny with among others, he's got her intelleck figured out to decimals. He knows ivrything about her except th' wan thing I see fr'm me window, that whin gallant Terence Riordan wint out through th' front dure steppin' high, Ellen Callahan wint out th' back dure to meet Larry Hannigan an' go to a moonlight excursion."

"Bimeby Terence will marry her, f'r she has him nailed to th' flure now, not be her own charms but be his fine opinyon iv himsilf. Whin I see thim together an' he's lookin' into thim eyes iv hers that say so much an' mane so diff'rent, I know he's thinkin': 'I can read ivry thought in her mind. She's thinkin' how gr-reat I am an' how good, what a handsome head iv hair I have, how that mole alongside me nose sets off me vivid complexion. Her thrust an' confidence in

me is ra-aly sad. Th' poor, little mis'rable thing, I must reward her with me distinguished s'ciety f'r life.' An' manetime down in her heart is th' moonlight excursion an' th' pitcher iv Hannigan with no job but a mandolin. Terence'll niver find it. Whin he gets to be forty he'll suspect it, whin he gets to be fifty he'll quit thyrin' to find out, an' whin he gets to be sixty he'll wish he'd had th' mandolin an' Hannigan th' job. Wise is he who says: 'I on'y know yisterdah. I must look out to-morrah.' Whin he's young it's simple, whin he's middle-aged it's a problem an' whin he's old, he's solved it a thousan' times in a thousan' diff'rent ways an' still he don't know th' answer."

"It's forty year since I see ye dancin' a hornpipe at ye'er weddin'. F'r forty year ye've been studyin' th' charackter iv th' lady iv ye'er choice, an' her own. How many times d'ye put down th' pa-aper an' look acrost th' table an' say: 'Who's that s'trange, quare woman acrost fr'm me? I call her Mrs. Hinnissy, but who th' divvle is she? What do I know about her or her about me?' They're thirty inches iv oilcloth between ye an' eighty million miles an' I don't know how many years iv diff'rence. Ye know about as much iv her as ye know iv th' sun. Ye know whin she gets up in th' mornin' an' whin she sinks to rest at night. An' thim again, p'raps ye don't. An' she knows less about ye. Over her knittin' needles she's sayin': 'I wondher who me frind is, th' ol' la-ad with th' naked head an' th' neck like a plumber's file. He's a s'trange crather. He's got a logical mind. He can tell at a glance where a ca'ar is goin' to, he always faces for'ard whin he gets off th' platform, he ain't afraid iv mice, cows or ghosts. What sort iv iddycated pig is he?'"

"Some time arly in his life ivry man writes a book entitled 'All there is to know about women in v'an volume, thirteen



"F'R IVRY FREE-BOR-RN AMERICAN LADY IS
A BOR-RN ARISTOCRAT TO HER FINGER-TIPS"

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pages, includin' a biography an' pitchers iv th' author. Afther a while he puts in wan iv thim little tags that always goes at th' end iv a book iv acc'rate information: 'E-eratum: In th' foregoin' volume, on pages wan to tin, f'r 'is' read 'is not,' an' f'r 'is not' read 'is.' On th' other pages wheriver 'is' or 'is not' appears, substichoot 'maybe' or 'p'raps' or 'th' Lord on'y knows.' Whin a man tells ye that he knows about women, don't ast him anny questions in th' higher mathymatics iv th' fair sect. Ast him how a woman sticks a hat-pin into her head without killin' hersilf, why she always smoothes her dhress down whin she stands in front iv a fire; an' why she on'y aches whin there ar-re men ar-round. A woman will load in ivrything in sight if a kind an' manly eye is watchin' her wurruk, but whin she's with other women she takes a cup iv tay an' a pickle. Why is it? If th' expert don't know that, how can he expect us to believe he knows about th' gr-reater things? If he don't know addition, how can he know compound fractions?

"It's th' same with th' gr-reatest an' th' laste iv us. Th' more we know iv men, th' less we know iv th' contrary sect. Take that ol' boy Socrates that Hogan talks about. There was a man that was as wise as a mountain or an ol' elephant. He knew more thin I think I know. Men wint hundherds iv miles to hear him talk. He ladled out wisdom an' information be th' bucketful to wan an' all. He niver tur-med a sstranger fr'm th' dure without givin' him a full meal iv knowledge. But whin it come to handlin' an' ordhinary, plain wife or termygant, as th' wurruk is in Greek, he cud get pints fr'm a bridge tender. He had such a tough game iv it that whin th' authorities suggested that th' dhinks was on th' state, he dhrained his cup iv pizen with a wink iv th' eye an' said: 'Don't be sorry f'r me, boys, I'm not going home to-night.'

"I guess about thim. I guess they don't live in th' same wurruk as men. It seems to be th' same wurruk but it ain't th' same at all. It's a wurruk where all th' clocks ar-re wrong an' where they're no such thing as distance. It's peopled with ghosts, dhressmakers an' princes. Th' other day I r-read in th' pa-aper that a German prince has advertised f'r an American girl, white preferred, who wud be willin' to exchange three millyon dollars f'r th' opporchunity to bear th' proud but thirsty name iv Prince Otto Finkelstein Zum Rathskeller, an' later on ye'll see that Prince Otto, who is known among his frinds as Fink, has borrowed a coat an' come over on a tank steamer to wed wan iv Cincinnati's fair-

est belles. Why does she do it? There ar-re plinty iv American men ar-round who wud take her in spite iv the money. To show that they loved her for hersilf alone they'd agree to spind the fortune in a year. Anny wan iv thim cud tell her that Prince Otto is on'y a German afther all. In th' happy home life at Rathskeller he laves th' prince part iv his nature out iv dures if it isn't hung up at a pawnshop, an' is plain Otto who loves noodles in a thick soup and uses a pocket comb on his whiskers afther dinner.

"But she don't see it that way. They ain't annything in th' books she's read that teaches her that th' object iv a fair young American heiress' life is to be led up to th' big jump be th' champeen prune preserver iv th' wurruk. I stand by th' American man. He's a fine fellow. He may be short iv wurruk on polite conversation, but he can shoe a horse. As a mannyfacther iv soap, bottles, hair-ile, steel billets an' spring mattresses he has th' effete European away to th' bad. He has circled th' globe with canned meat an' in far-off Ind, as the sayin' goes, his pitcher is on th' labels iv th' talcum powder an' th' pork an' beans ready to eat. How is it possible that anny wan cud prefer a decayin' sign iv nobility who wuddn't know th' difference between short rib sides an' number two hard winter wheat? Alonzo Blinks is a good man. At the daily meetin' in the quick-lunch room he's th' life iv th' party. If his pants bags at th' knee, he has a heart iv oak. If a glance at his boot gives ye at wanst an outline map iv his big toe, he can figure out interest in his head. Sstrange that such an int'lectual light shud not be able to put th' fortune iv th' fair wan into his business.

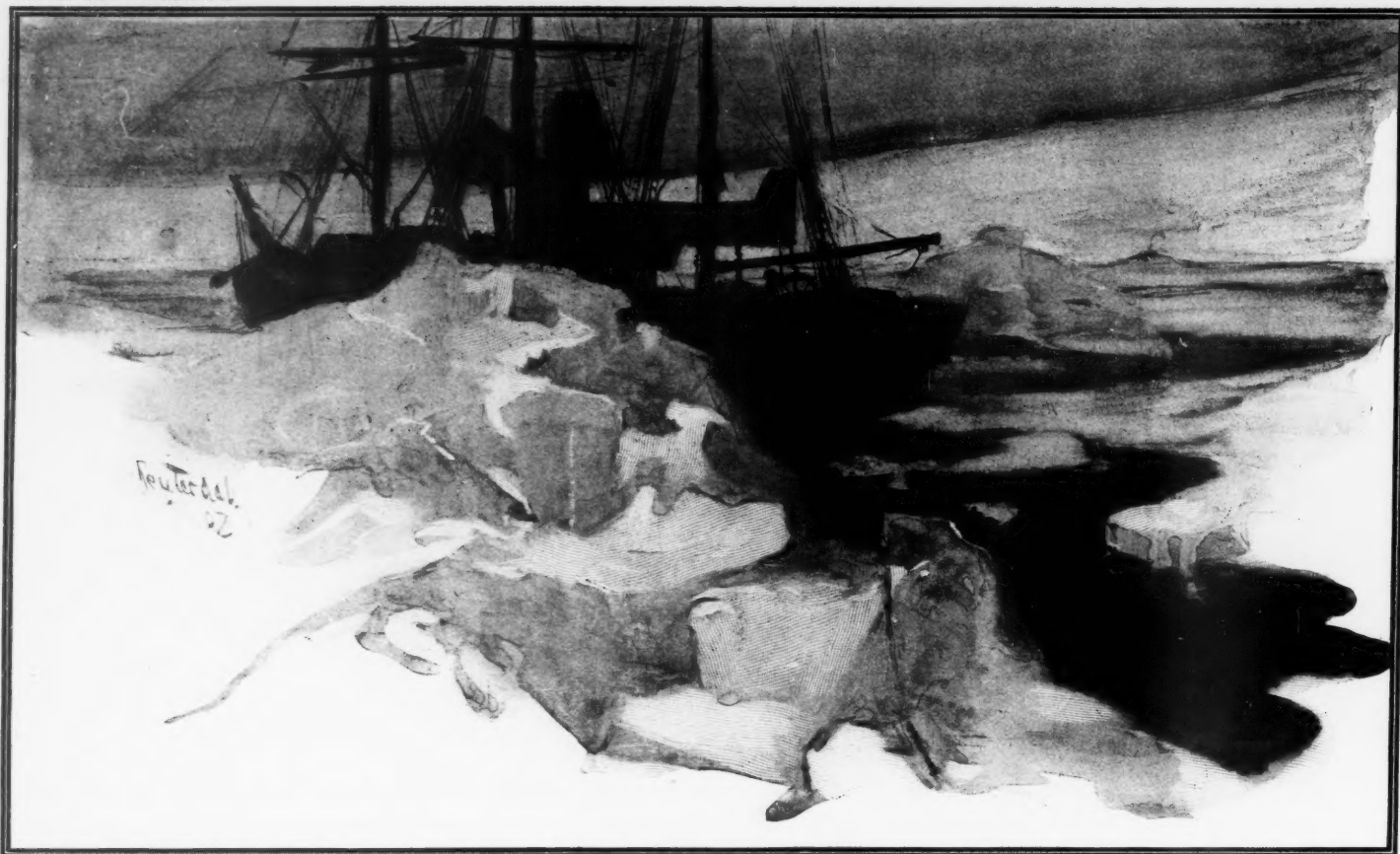
"But I guess th' fact is that Alonzo has niver got himsilf into th' fair wan's coorse iv readin'. He's devoted his life to makin' himsilf th' hayro iv Dun an' Bradstheet, but thim two gran' wurruks iv modhren chivalree an' romance have niver been taken out iv th' Dope Lovers' Libry be Gladys. Whin he was exhibitin' his charms to Dun an' Bradstheet he wud have been bether employed if he'd tried to stand in with the author iv 'Whin Knighthood was in Flower.' All her happy little life Gladys has been thyrin' to cash in a fairy dhream an' here it comes. She marries a man who can get on a horse without chloryformin' it, an' be Hivins, Hinnissy, I'm not so sure she's iver as sorry f'r it as I wud be if I was makin' a Pooth of July oration. She'll find out in time that th' on'y coort he's familiar with is th' polis coort, that th' ancestral mansion is th' county jail an' Prince Otto's father th' Gran' Jook runs a bus line f'r r-

hotel. Th' on'y raison he didn't hook up in Germany was because he was rayfused be th' daughter iv a butcher that he cheated in a horse thrade. But Gladys will niver be ra-aly sorry. She'll niver come to as long as they're wan iv her counthrywomen without a title on th' face iv Europe. She'll soon be through with Otto, who will nobly dhriunk himsilf to death, but at eighty-five she'll be expectin' another prince to come around an' fit a glass slipper on her fut. An' she'd expect it if th' entire output iv the glass wurruks iv Pittsburg was rayquired f'r th' shoe. F'r ivry free-bor-rn American lady, Hinnissy, is a bor-rn aristocrat to her finger tips. She don't want to be th' akel iv anny man. Nature niver intended her f'r th' grocery business. She bends on'y to a king or a pauper. She is th' mos' loyal subjick in the wurruk, an' th' best nurse. If Alonzo Blinks knew his business he'd ayether call on her with a gilt crown on his head or break his leg on th' front dure step. In ayether case he'd stand a chance.

"Is there wan law f'r men an' another f'r women? says the lady who had bad luck in a play I wanst see. No, sir. They're wan law f'r men an' no law f'r women. Th' laws ar-re made be men, f'r men, who ar-re taught to think in sstraight lines, while a woman thinks ar-round a corner and over the tops iv houses. Don't lave us tache thim anny iv th' foolish things we've got to know. They don't believe in ideas, theories or argymint. They believe in persons. If th' baldheaded Columbus showed thim be his chart an' log that he'd discovered America they'd say: 'I don't believe that odjus man iver discovered annything.' But if Padarooski tol' thim he did they'd believe it without a doubt. Women will stand by a murderher or a safe-blower not because they don't think he done it but because crime ain't a crime whin it's committed be th' right party. Facts ain't annything to thim; they regard argymint as an old worn out way iv gettin' annywhere, like an engineer wud look at a stage coach. They don't believe in figures or, at laste, in other people's figures. Don't argye with thim. Ye can't convince thim iv annything unless ye hol' their hands. Take thim firmly be th' fingers an' tell thim what ye want thim to believe. P'raps they'll say: 'He has nice hair. He must be right.'

"Well," said Mr. Hennessey, "f'r a man that don't know annything about th' subjick ye've had a good dale to say."

"Th' raison I've said so much," replied Mr. Dooley, "is that I know so little. Be Hivins, whin I think iv how little I know I'm surprised at me own modhration."



Frozen in for the Arctic Night

CHRISTMAS IN THE GREAT POLAR NIGHT

By LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. REUTERDAHL

HOLLY branches; Christmas trees; music; bright eyes; rosy cheeks; a blazing yule log; plum pudding; champagne and laughter? Hardly!

The seven Christmas days which I have spent in the far northern lands, no two of them in the same place, have had none of these accessories.

With this sevenfold experience, I cannot say that the day is an especially enjoyable one, and my tendency has been to make less and less of it each year.

Without the incentive of circumstances such as led Greely's starving band to look forward to it with wolfish eagerness as the time when they would devour the crumbs they were daily setting aside from their starvation rations for the occasion; without the feelings of some other parties who have looked to it as a break in the lethargy and inaction of the monotonous Arctic winter night; Christmas has in most of my expeditions, satisfied with ample food and interested in abundant work, meant simply an extra dessert, a bottle of wine and a cigar for those who cared for it.

My first Arctic Christmas (1891), owing to a woman's native touch and fancy, had many a home feature. The second (1893) was even more homelike, for now a little one's inarticulate cooing answered the tender mother face, and the two made a light and music in the narrow room that blotted out all cognizance of the awful night and the howling wind demons, which held our frozen world in their grasp.

Another Christmas (1894) was spent in the same house, but with the loved faces absent, and only memories to fill the empty room.

A fourth (1899) passed in a sail-roofed house of boxes in bleak, windy Foulke Fjord (Etah) where, nineteen years before, Hayes had spent one Christmas. A fifth (1900) in a tent at historic Fort Conger. A sixth (1901) in a ship's deckhouse near grewsome Cape Sabine; and a seventh (1898) in a temporary snow igloo under the dark cliffs of Cape Wilkes in Robeson Channel.

It is this last Christmas, possessing as it does more of the atmosphere of Arctic work, and being more in consonance with the animus of my own Arctic work and methods, that I take up most fully.

When, in August, 1898, my ship the *Windward* was stopped by the ice at Cape D'Urville on the Grinnell Land coast, and I recognized, a few days later, that she would get no further north that season, it was a grievous disappointment for me, but I did not for an instant propose to let it mean a year of idleness for my party. Satisfied that with my methods and my party work was just as practicable in winter as in autumn or spring, and that along a line of coast at least it could be carried on effectively, I determined to push the supplies northward during the fall and winter, establishing depots to enable me, if conditions were favorable, to make an effective journey in the spring, even though my starting-point was in a very low latitude.

In pursuance of this plan, during the last of the daylight in October, and, later, in the light of the November moon, my party had been busily engaged building a road along the terrible ice-foot which fringes the Grinnell Land coast, and sledging provisions and dog food northward. A large depot of supplies had been thus assembled at Cape Wilkes, at the north side of Richardson Bay, and several smaller depots at other points further south. The next step in my programme was to start from the ship in the December moon, assemble

all my supplies at Cape Lawrence, then with light sledges make a rapid push for Conger, to find out what was there in the way of supplies still available for my work.

Tuesday, December 20, 1898, at 11 A.M., with the first dim light of the returning moon, I started with the doctor; Henson; my four Eskimos, Ahngoodloo, Sipsu, Maksangwah ("Flaherty"), and Weeshakupsi; five sledges and thirty dogs; all that were left of the sixty-odd of four months previous.

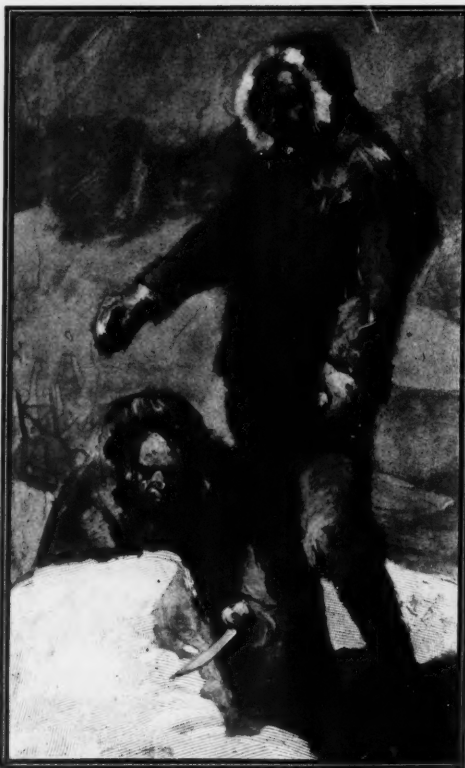
The temperature as we started was -40° F. The minimum during the previous night had been -45° F. The slender crescent of the new moon, combined with the light of the stars, showed us the trail fairly well for a few hours. After that only the stars guided us. Well I remember tramping through the bitter night under the beetling cliffs of Cape Hawkes, then out across the broad mouth of Dobbin Bay, past the peculiar bastion of Washington Irving Island, and so on until

the dark mass of Cape Louis Napoleon was close at hand. Usually we camped here on the first march from the ship, for it was a good march (twenty-eight miles); but we had come along very comfortably so far, were only eight hours and a half from the ship, and, as I was very anxious to push things as fast as possible during this moon, I gave the word to keep on to Cape Fraser, eighteen miles beyond.

Poor dogs! I pitied them when, after stopping at the usual place, thinking their day's work was over, they got the word to go on again. They showed their disappointment in every look and motion. But as they were fresh from the ship and their loads light, they soon forgot their troubles and jogged along the ice-foot very comfortably. The crossing of Gould Bay delayed us considerably. The tide was at its lowest ebb, when we reached the north side, and it took an hour and a half to cut a road up the face of the ice-foot, and pull the sledges up one by one. Fifteen hours and a half from the ship we reached the Cape Fraser igloo, men and dogs tired, sore and sleepy. The next day we sledged the loads we had brought with us, and the supplies left at Cape Fraser the previous moon, over the heartbreaking ice-foot which begins at this cape, and across Maury Bay to the great barrier at Cape John Barrow; making two trips of it. Then we carried everything over this barrier by passing the boxes from hand to hand, like the bucket brigade at a fire, and returned to Cape Fraser to sleep. Two trips on the 22d took everything over the sledge-murdering ice-foot, which extends from Cape John Barrow to Cape Norton Shaw. Here our igloo of the previous moon had been destroyed by the recent spring tides flooding the ice-foot, and we built another in a safer place. The moonlight, having been rapidly increasing each day, was now quite bright, and we were not troubled for light, but the temperature was running from -45° F. to -50° F., and the winds sweeping along the ice-foot were bitterly sharp.

On the 23d we left Cape Norton Shaw with full loads, and made the long and tedious march across Scoresby and Richardson Bays—a march in which occur eight descents to and ascents from the sea ice to the ice-foot, reaching the igloo at Cape Wilkes after an eighteen-hour march. This igloo had been erected during the previous moon and marked the furthest point reached by us at that time. It was built on a snowdrift from which the blocks for its construction had been quarried, and was only a few feet away from the inner edge of the ice-foot, which here was a fifty-foot wide level terrace, dropping on its outer edge to the surface of the floe.

From the back of the igloo the steep talus of rock fragments from the cliffs rose snow-covered for several hundred feet, and, surcharged upon this, a naked black precipice climbed till its crest was some two thousand feet above the sea. Looking south from the igloo, the ragged expanse of Richardson Bay, over which we had just come, reached from the edge of the ice-foot to the southern shore, which lay before us from Cape Collinson to the innermost recesses of the bay. Southeast the wild expanse of Kane Basin vanished in the distance toward the invisible Humboldt Glacier. From the point of the cape, a few hundred yards distant, the grim block of Cape Lawrence rose to the north, and between that and the pale glare which hung over the distant ice-cap of Washington Land opened the American gateway to the Pole, filled with inconceivable ice, above which the deadly winter breath of the central Polar basin sweeps southward, grinding the ice, whirling the snow, pinching all life with its awful



Quarrying Building Blocks from Frozen Snow

fingers, and beating against the land till the primeval rocks themselves shrink and snap with the contact.

In this march with heavy loads, one sledge had its shoes badly damaged in surmounting the gravel barrier below Cape Collinson; another was seriously smashed going off the ice-foot into Richardson Bay; and all were more or less injured. All through this march the moon had been hazy and halo-circled, and this bore fruit on the 24th in furious wind and drift, rendering advance impossible. Under the lee of the cliff we were partially protected, and by enlarging the tunnel-like entrances to the igloos, we were able to drag the broken sledges into them, and effect repairs. This work completed, then each man to his sleep again entirely forgetful of Christmas Eve.

Christmas itself came in amplest measure of Arctic splendor. The moon, full early on the 27th, was even now, to all intents and purposes, a full-orbed gleaming ball of silver, lighting the crevices of the cliffs, making the far-stretching ice-pack a plain of glistening light, and throwing pale, scintillant lights from every pinnacle of the ice-foot. But oh, so cold! Of all dead frozen lights, the Arctic moonlight is the coldest. However cold the darkness may be, the frozen light of Selene makes it colder yet. From the top of the cape the snow banners stretched over the bay like a horizontal aurora, and the wind still rushed and whistled past the cape; but it was not as bad as the day before, the loose snow had all been picked up and carried out upon the pack, there was but little drift, and we knew that we could work. With a hot and hearty breakfast inside us, fresh dry grass in kamiks and mittens, and all clothing tightened, we rounded the cape into the breeze.

Whew, but it was cold! We thought it cold enough at the igloos, where the thermometer was talking about -50° , but this in comparison was like a midsummer plunge into ice-water.

A hundred yards round the cape and we struck an ice-foot which called out all the pickaxes and axes, and in wielding these we soon forgot the wind and cold. Hewing a road and pushing a sledge alternately, helped occasionally by a bit of level ice-foot, we slowly conquered the miles which lie between Cape Wilkes and Cape Norton Shaw at the southern side of Rawlings Bay; then following up the ice-foot into the bay till a point was reached where the bay could be crossed to the northern side, we left our loads and returned for another. It would make a long-day of it, but this could not be helped; we must work when we could, to make up for the times when we could not.

The return with empty sledges and before the wind was made at a rattling pace, the sledges bumping over the rough blocks of the barriers, scraping through the narrow cañons and slewing along the crest of the sheer face of the ice-foot. It was such a novelty to travel at anything but a snail's pace that it heartened both men and dogs. The second trip was made more easily, as we had no road-making, but less comfortably, for we missed the genial companionship of the pickaxes to keep our temperature up. When the last load was deposited in Rawlings Bay every one was hungry and tired, and the return to the igloos was made without any undue manifestations of activity. It was a relief to at last swing round the point of the cape into partial shelter from the bitter wind, and the dogs quickened their pace at sight of the igloos and thoughts of something to eat and a chance to sleep.

The dogs were fastened, each team being tethered in its



Eskimos building a Snow House

own place by a short piece of line passed through the trace toggles, and then through a hole drilled in the ice-foot. This arrangement gives each team range within the limits of a circle of about fifteen feet radius. After the dogs had been given their regular rations, which disappeared instantly, I had some walrus skin chopped into small pieces and thrown to them for their Christmas dessert. This walrus hide is almost an inch thick, and at its best is almost as tender as sole leather. When frozen it combines the hardness of granite with the toughness of the leather. By persistent chewing a dog can gradually wear off the corners of a piece of this, and soften it sufficiently to enable him to bolt it whole, after which it lies for a day or two in his stomach, with a blissful sensation of weight and fullness. Three or four pieces of this hide, therefore, furnish a dog with several hours of active

and interesting occupation, and afterward more hours of peace and contentment.

After the dogs had been attended to, the sledges were protected so that any dog that might get loose during the night could not chew up the lashings. Then came the thorough beating of the snow from the clothing before entering the igloo. By this time the moon in its northward circuit had disappeared behind the cliffs, leaving the camp in deepest shadow, though out beyond the ice foot the frozen sea still lay a plain of silver.

A little later every one was in the igloo, and the entrance closed with a block of snow.

Now the cooker was lighted at one side of the igloo, the boiler filled with snow in which cans of beans were bedded; and the Eskimos on the other side lighted a little native lamp to illuminate the igloo. When the beans were hot they were taken out, the water they had been in brought to a boil, tea made, the boiler filled to the brim with snow, and when this was melted and tea as hot as could be drunk, the culinary part of the day was over.

After this, our ordinary sledge-fare supper, had been finished the special Christmas extras were brought out, consisting of a can of sliced peaches from the Expedition stores, brought for the occasion, and a small Christmas box prepared by a loving woman at home.

Before the eager eyes of my wondering "huskies" this box was opened, and found to contain a Christmas cake, a box of candy for each, a package of nuts, a small—oh! such a small—bottle of Club cocktails and a silken banner worked by the hands which packed the box. The peaches, candy, cake and nuts were impartially distributed, but I could not bring myself to contaminate the virgin souls of my Eskimos with the cocktails. The silken banner I placed in the breast of my fur coat.

For a while our surroundings are forgotten. Then the waning of the Eskimo lamp tells us that the allowance of oil is nearly gone, and reminds us that there is more work for the morrow, and that we need sleep before attacking it. A little later the snow-melter has been refilled and the lampwick turned down till there is the tiniest flicker of flame. Dry inner soles have been placed in our footgear, the brief notes of the day written, and my companions are sleeping, closely packed, as I lie down in my usual place against the igloo wall. (I regret that I must omit the regulation pipe of all Arctic narratives, but it has never been a feature of my camps.) I am amply warm and comfortable, though every breath forms a cloud of smoke, and the inside of the igloo is sparkling with the rapidly growing frost flowers, but I cannot sleep. A tired dog outside gets up, shakes himself free of snow, whines, turns round and lies down again. I hear the drifting snow hissing against the igloo walls, and the wind moaning and howling about the gaunt face of the cliff above us, and through it all I hear a woman's soft voice and the laughter of a blue-eyed, gold-haired child—in another world. I watch the clouds of my breath as they drift slowly up to congeal into frost flowers on the dome of the igloo, and in them I see a tender face framed in waving hair, and nestling against it a smaller one in a setting of gold—and I look into paradise. And, with a hand in the folds of the silken flag, I close my eyes and forget; till this Christmas joins the countless others on the flood of time, and the frozen face of the frozen moon, coming from behind the frozen eastern cliffs, tells us our frozen world is waiting to see us work again.



Christmas in the Igloo—Thoughts of Home



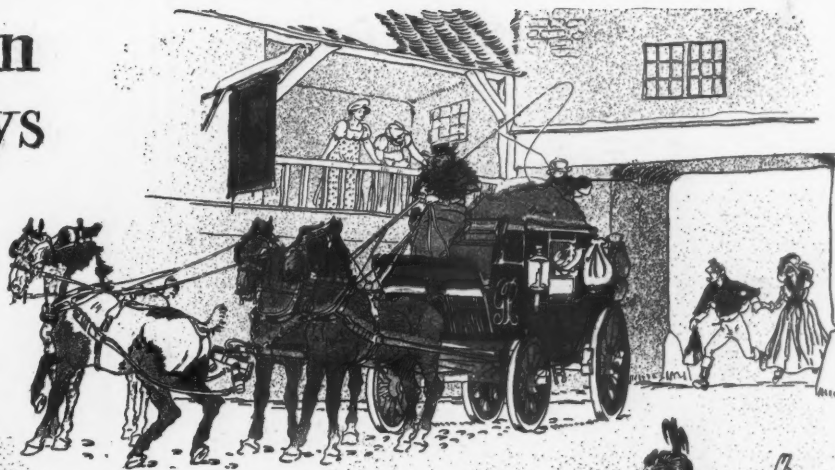
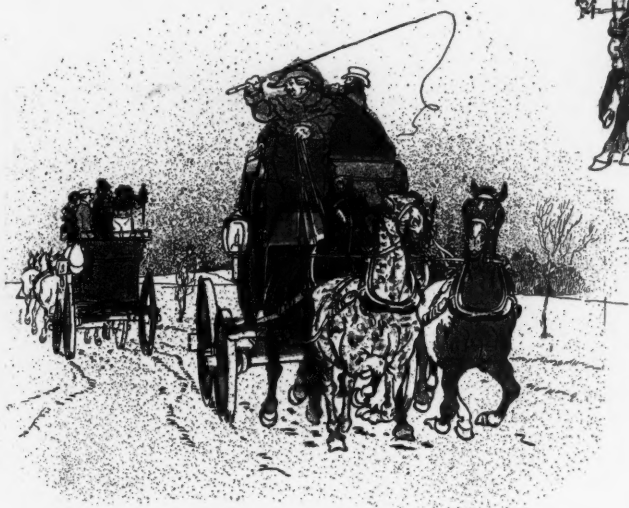
DRAWN BY W. T. ATWOOD

CHRISTMAS ON THE GRAND BANKS

"PLEASE REPORT US"—A FISHING SCHOONER ON THE CODFISHING BANKS SHOWING HER LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE TO A PASSING LINER ON CHRISTMAS DAY

An Elopement in Old Coaching Days

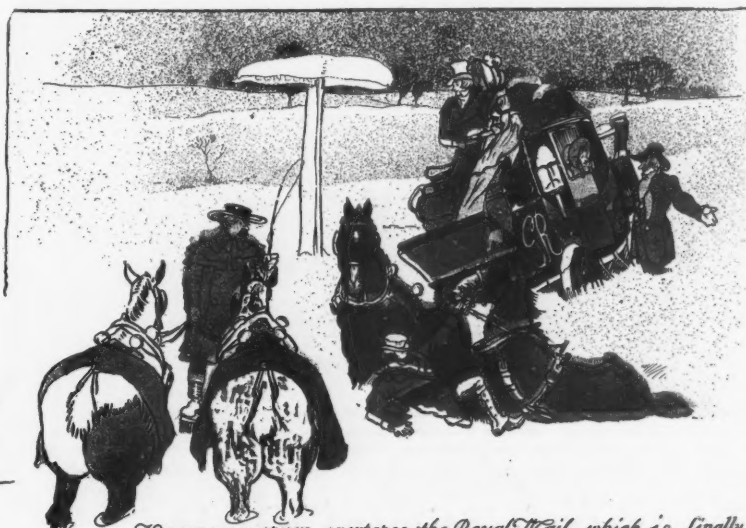
by
EDWARD PENFIELD



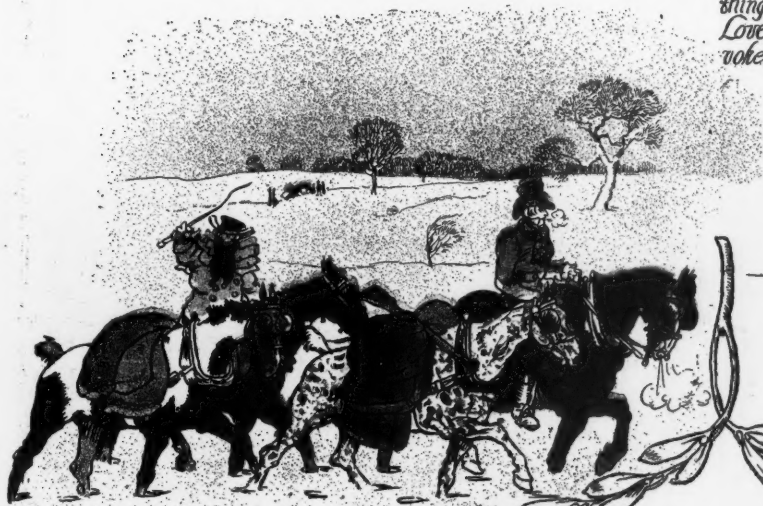
The Royal Mail is ready to start with its X'mas load for London; but is delayed by the tardy arrival of Dick and Belinda. The inside passengers are Parson Tripp and his helpmeet.

The Mail has to "make time" and meets the "up mail" in a tearing hurry also. Belinda spies the portly figure of her father on the passing coach. The recognition is mutual, and the old gentleman, in an apoplectic rage, is whirled away towards the Cock and Bottle.

Arriving there, he at once hires the fastest hunter that the landlord can produce, and starts in pursuit of the eloping pair, breathing terrible threats of vengeance.



Heavy snow-storm overtakes the Royal Mail which is finally stuck in a tremendous drift. Horses in a tangle, and in trying to straighten things out the guard is kicked for his pains and put "hors de combat." Lovers meanwhile are making the best of the situation, and Parson Tripp invokes spiritual aid and comforts his distracted spouse.



The London mail is heavy and valuable, so it is decided to take it back to the nearest post-house. Dick, after a tender parting from Belinda, which would suggest an eternity of separation, accompanies the coachman, as the guard is too badly injured to do so.

At a turn in the road, they come upon Belinda's revengeful father held up in the most approved fashion by a bold highwayman.



Brave Richard thereupon assaults the highwayman with great ferocity. The fat coachman guards the horses, with their loads, and the squire, in an excess of gratitude, dismounts and congratulates the hero.

Later, when all are gathered safely under the mistletoe, Parson Tripp earns a generous fee. Dick and Belinda receive the paternal blessing and the wind shakes the windows and heaps up snow outside.

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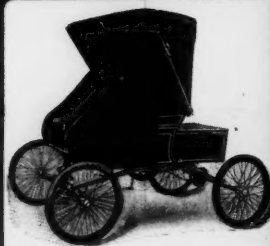
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The Squire's Wager

by H. B. Marriott Watson
Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan

THE assembly at Brooks's was large and noisy. The hour was not late for Brooks's, but stress of weather had detained in that magnetic house of attractions many of the *habitués* who were used to leave earlier. Age taught wisdom sometimes even in the eighteenth century, and even to those who gambled at faro and macao; but the snow was driving in the streets, and Pall Mall lay under a magnificent white pall, even to the colonnade of Carlton House. The group of men who were playing at macao in the corner of the card-room had drawn the attention of the general company partly by reason of their laughter, and partly from the high stakes that were passing. One of the players was a slight, fair man of eight-and-twenty, with somewhat thin lips and a quiet expression of eye which, whatever it signified, revealed nothing to the observer. He had obviously taken a good deal of wine, for his hand was not very steady; but his face was as a mask as he staked his guineas. Opposite to him was a tall, broad-faced, red-complexioned man of five-and-forty, with the health and air of the country about him, and the shadow of a smile upon strong, capable features.

"Mine again, my lord," said he, and made a movement of his hand toward his winnings.

His lordship gave one imperturbable glance at the stakes which were being swept away, and said in a slow voice, "My revenge, Mr. Hilton."

The older man looked at him dubiously. "If you will," he said at last; "but I would rather it were another night."

"Mr. Hilton," said his lordship, gravely, "you have won £15,000 from me since two this afternoon. By God, I will have my shot at it."

Hilton flushed with annoyance and anger. "It is precisely because of that that I would rather it were another day," he said sharply, and his eyes rested with meaning on the other.

There was a point of color in his lordship's cheeks as he met his opponent's significant gaze, but his quiet eyes said nothing. He only called deliberately to a waiter, and as deliberately gave his order.

"A pint of champagne for Mr. Hilton, and a flask of *cava-de-vie*."

He looked defiantly at his adversary now, as if he would have said: "So far from being in what state you think me, see what I am capable of doing."

Hilton shrugged his shoulders and took up the cards. They were old acquaintances, and disliked one another. The younger man, Lord Marazion, was regarded as effeminate by the rubicund Squire, who, on his side, was little to the taste of a fastidious and elegant buck of the Town. The coarseness of Hilton's fibre, his hard and practical English character, repelled one who lived largely for his whims, was indifferent and amiable, and had no aim in life. To the Squire the lord was a puppy; to the lord the Squire was a bumpkin. Yet neither of these estimates was correct. Squire Hilton was vastly more than a mere rural gentleman. He had capability written in his broad features, and tenacity appeared in his strong teeth. He managed his affairs with skill, so that he threw where others remained lean, or even failed. He gambled like a gentleman, but he never went beyond his means, and saw each yard of the way as he moved. His contempt for Marazion was increased by the knowledge of that reckless peer's dwindling fortunes. The Squire dealt the cards.

Lord Marazion lost, and, without showing any excitement, gulped down a glass of brandy and water and said: "Another, Hilton."

This time the Squire did not offer any objection, but pushed over the pack. It was some one else who intervened—Sir John Main, a good-natured buck of an age with his lordship. "Damme, Dick, no more," he whispered loudly.

Lord Marazion paid no heed but took up the cards and coolly began to shuffle them.

"Dick, be not a fool," said Sir John. "You have lost near £20,000, and, gad, I believe there's nothing left."

"You lie, Jack," said his lordship, gravely. "There's Houghton Roy."

"You cannot gamble away your estate, Dick," urged his friend. "Here, let us be quit and go home. The snow is over."

There was a somewhat sardonic smile on Hilton's face, as he looked from the one to the other, waiting patiently until some decision should be come to; and his attitude suggested to Lord Marazion the amusement and contempt of a superior being who looks on at the squabbles of two schoolboys. He pushed his friend away with his elbow, and began to deal. Sir John rose angrily.

"You are not fit to play, my lord," he said, and fixed his indignant eyes on the Squire.

"He is right," said a voice from among the group of interested spectators. "You had better postpone your revenge, my lord."

As it was Charles James Fox who spoke, the opinion had its effect. Indeed, the young lord had clearly taken

too much to warrant him in playing with a soberer man. He flushed and scowled, and it was the Squire who spoke, very coolly.

"Tis precisely what I pointed out to Lord Marazion half an hour ago," he said. "But he was unwilling. But now, my lord, as my verdict is indorsed by Mr. Fox, maybe you will agree," and he rose on the words. His large figure, very plainly but becomingly dressed, loomed over the slim person of the peer, who had not risen with him, and now, his eyes concentrated but expressionless, spoke deliberately.

"It seems a gentleman must not play at Brooks's after eleven," he said, choosing his words quite comfortably, if slowly. "It is news to me; but if I may not play, none can stop me from a wager. I challenge you on that, Squire."

The Squire, pausing as he would have turned away, looked at him, but with no interrogation in his glance. The two adversaries were equally reticent of feeling and self-contained, for all the disparity between their temperaments.

"You have long wanted Houghton Roy, Mr. Hilton," went on his lordship, deliberately. "Well, here's your chance: wager against it what you will."

The Squire's eyes flashed, but he said nothing.



His lordship looked at the Squire with a gleam of mockery

"Come," pursued his lordship, "I am not particular to a point. Anything will serve. And if you have not the spirit to pick out a hazard, why, I will do it for you! I will wager you Houghton Roy against twenty thousand guineas," he said, speaking with slow emphasis, "that I will marry the first woman eligible that I encounter, going from these doors."

"Dick, you fool!" cried Sir John; but the Squire's large face gleamed red, and his teeth showed in his sardonic grin. Mr. Fox took snuff and considered the pair.

"Eligible!" said the Squire. "Egad, my lord, that would, no doubt, take on an elastic meaning."

"I mean, spinster or widow, sir," said his lordship, sharply.

"You mean you will ask her to wife?" inquired Mr. Fox.

"No, sir, I will marry her within a fortnight," declared Lord Marazion. "I will marry her by New Year. There's the wager, for Mr. Hilton to take or leave. I am not to be browbeaten by Brooks's," he added, gravely, and stood up on his feet, whistling gently.

"A fair wager," said Mr. Fox, critically; "but one all against poor Marazion, I fear. What say you, Hilton?"

The Squire lifted his champagne glass, which was half full yet, and drained it. "I will take him," said he, as

he put it down; and his voice was without emotion or color.

"Gad, it's done; gad, he's booked it!" cried a voice, and upon that a murmur of voices broke out like the sea upon an empty beach. Lord Marazion adjusted his ruffles equally, and stood, looking as if he heard nothing, while his antagonist was equally unperturbed. It was not until a voice from the throng called out that either moved. But that invitation it was impossible to neglect. So wayward and so hazardous a wager had not been made at Brooks's in the memory of any one present, and it was with reason that the voice called them to practical considerations.

"Gad, now we have to find the lady," it said.

His lordship looked at the Squire with a gleam of mockery in his eye. "If Mr. Hilton does not object," he said.

"I?" said the Squire, elevating his shoulders. "The sooner the better. As you have been damned enough fool to force the wager on me, you may get back the bulk of your money at what cost you will. 'Tis no affair of mine."

"Damme, he has no right to say that," said Mr. Fox, critically. "Tis a wager, and there's an end."

"To be sure, Mr. Fox," said his lordship; "and I might be refused. Mr. Hilton seems to me to have the chances equal, and a fair prospect of Houghton Roy."

"As near as two lobsters are alike," assented Mr. Fox. "What think you, George?" he asked, turning to another, for in those times gambling was reduced to a science, at least to a game of exact and formal calculations.

George Selwyn was scribbling in a notebook, and cocked his eye at what he had written. "Marazion may reveal himself, I suppose. His title is for and his pockets against. But a title's a title. If he is refused he loses all; if he wins he has twenty thousand guineas, plus an elderly virgin or a fat light o' love. The odds are with Hilton."

"*Alea jacta*," said Mr. Fox. "It will keep us warm till Christmas, George."

Young Lord Marazion, with his precise step, all the more deliberate because he was somewhat uncertain of his legs, having adjusted his dress very neatly, moved indifferently to the door. After him poured a stream of Brooks's men, including Mr. Fox and Mr. Selwyn, while the Squire brought up the rear with a cynical smile. The snow had ceased by now, and St. James's Street was still and white. A watchman flashed a lantern over by the "Thatched House," but otherwise no one was visible.

"We shall have to wait until morning, Dick," said Sir John Main, laughingly; but even as he spoke the heads of the group in the doorway were turned down the street, in the direction from which the sound of soft footsteps issued. It was dark, and nothing could be made out.

"A Charley, for a guinea," said one.

"I'll take you," said another. "Tis one of his Royal Highness's guests trying to find his way home."

"Tis Sherry coming up—drunk—for a wager," said a third.

"Damme, 'tis a light foot. A guinea it's a woman," cried Sir John Main.

"Two guineas to five 'tis a Poll-Moll," called out a gesticulating member from the back of the porch.

The darkness divided slowly, and showed a form dimly visible. Main was right. It was a woman's figure that emerged, and it moved swiftly, as if in anxiety to reach a goal. The noises of the group before the Club spread out in the silent night, and the figure hesitated, and then stole from the pavement and across the road, as though it would avoid so dangerous a gantlet.

"There's no common Charlotte—gad, no," said Main; but ere he had finished Lord Marazion had stepped forth from the light into the darkness, and was walking fast in the direction taken by the feminine figure. There was a momentary silence, and then some one ejaculated an oath.

"Sdeath, there must be witnesses. We must identify her," he said; and at once an instinctive movement was made toward the street. Half a dozen ran out into the night and crossed after Marazion, leaving Fox, Selwyn, and Hilton at the door with others.

"Will you not follow, Hilton?" suggested Selwyn.

The Squire smiled, showing his capable teeth. "Not I," he said; "there are witnesses enough. If Marazion tells me he has done it, he shall have his money," and with that he walked back into the Club and played whist coolly for some two hours.

Meanwhile, his lordship had crossed St. James's Street slantwise in the direction of Piccadilly, and was walking on the opposite pavement; the crowd from Brooks's was in the road; and the woman they all were following was quickening her steps in front, as if aware of the noise and excitement behind her. Marazion strode more rapidly now, and managed to come level with her, but he

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could make nothing of her face or even of her dress in the darkness. She looked slight, but whether she were young or old, gentle or plebeian, of fair fame or ill, he had not a notion. The two walked abreast, but separated by a distance, for some paces, and Marazion was wondering when a ray of light would come to his aid out of some neighboring window, when suddenly there was a rush of feet, a scuffle, as it seemed, and they were surrounded by the party from the rear. Sir John Main was in the van, and the young bucks with him were by now intoxicated with the new interest.

"We will see who it is," cried one. "Gad, we must establish identity. We must have her under the light, damme."

Now, this was exactly what Lord Marazion himself was anxious to do, but not in the way proposed by this hot-blood. Very quietly and very soberly (in one sense, at least) he stepped toward the woman's figure, which had come to a pause against the wall of a house, evidently in alarm and amazement.

"Back! back!" he cried; "you shall not insult a lady." "Lady!" cried one of the roisterers. "Well, that is precisely what we are all anxious to know. Come, a light! a light!"

Lord Marazion drew his sword with a flourish, for he was not wanting in wits at any time, and drove it perilously near his friend Main. "I will pink you, if you do not withdraw," he declared. "What the devil! can a lady not walk London streets without being molested by a pack of wolves or satyrs?"

But here Sir John, taking his cue, broke in roughly: "Now, by heaven, I will not budge a step till I have seen her. Come, let us carry 'em along with us."

"Then have it," says his lordship, and struck out with his point.

The party called out, partly in alarm and partly in excitement, imagining this to be a matter of gravity between the two men. But the first few minutes of the sword-play discovered to them that there was something else in the wind, and it was not long before they had an inkling of the make-believe which had been designed by the quickness of the peer and the good-nature of his friend. Finally, Marazion's blade went, or appeared to go, clean through his antagonist, who staggered and caught hold of one of his companions.

"Maybe 'twill teach you manners," said his lordship, with stern dignity, and, sheathing his weapon, turned to the woman whom he had thus befriended. She still stood where she had retreated, with her back against the wall. "Madam," said he, "these fellows will not harm you now. May I beg to be allowed to escort you out of this mellow?"

She was trembling as she put her hand within his arm, and clearly could make no audible rejoinder. It was at that instant that Marazion could have sworn that she was young, and by her trembling he believed her to be virtuous. Yet, to be out alone so late! They moved away from the scene of the adventure, his lordship all the clearer of head for the excitement of the encounter, and crossing the road again went under the instinctive direction of his companion toward Jermyn Street.

"She crossed the road to avoid us, then. By gad, she is honest," commented his lordship internally.

He was cudgeling his brains as to how far he might go, or what he had better do ere he had acquired a more intimate knowledge of her, when she surprised him by stopping in front of a large house and peeling at the bell.

"'Tis a maidservant out for an airing, or to see her sweetheart," thought Lord Marazion; but then he heard her voice for the first time, deeply shaken as it was, and it was not the voice of a serving-wench.

"Sir," said she, "I thank you deeply. You have saved me from—I will be ever grateful to you," and she put her hand upon her beating heart, as if to still its tremors.

"Why," said his lordship, somewhat awkwardly, "there is no need of gratitude. A parcel of tipsy fellows that have taken too much and got beyond themselves—"

But here the door opened and interrupted him. A shaft of light streamed out upon the white pavement, and struck his companion's hair—for she had turned from him on the opening of the door. Her hair gleamed richly, and Marazion got a vague impression of fine apparel from the glimpse. In another moment she had stepped within, and stood hesitating in the twilight of the hall. "If you would come in, sir, my mother. . . . Those men may lie in wait for you. . . . My mother would, I am sure, desire to offer you her thanks," she said, in confusion.

"It is an honor to have helped you," said he, and bowing, passed over the threshold, so that presently they were face to face.

Of a sudden Lord Marazion's heart leaped. What he saw before him was a girl of eighteen or nineteen, clad under her heavy cloak in fine and delicate brocades and silk, as for a ball or other entertainment; slim, fair, and straight, and of a beautiful oval face, in which grave animation was forever present. She had the air of fashion and sobriety, despite her eager eyes, which dwelt on him with admiration and timidity at once. But, meeting his gaze, hers dropped, and she moved swiftly down the hall and entered a large handsome room, into which he followed her, much exercised in his mind, and now wholly master of himself.

"Mamma," said the girl, addressing a comfortable middle-aged lady that sat by the fire, "this gentleman has saved me from insult and assault by a drunken crew. The chaise broke down, and cousin Anne had hysterics, and a fit of cholera, and so said I to her that I could find my way home, it being so short a distance. But I did not know London. Indeed, mamma, you are right: I will never think it again. And 'tis owing to this gentleman, who so bravely assisted me with his sword, and fought, mamma, that furious pack, that I am here alive and safe. I want you to thank him, dear mamma."

The elder lady, who had begun by rubbing her eyes as if to recall her wandering wits, sat bolt upright and

stared at her daughter. Then her glance wandered to the stranger, and as the meaning of the recital went home to her she rose and graciously extended her hand.

"Oh, Betty, how dared you? Sir, I thank you greatly for your kindness. La, child, you might be dead. I will never forgive your cousin Anne. If it were not for you, sir—I shudder to think. How these streets are dangerous! I have always told your papa I wished we were back in Worcestershire. There's no such scoundrels there, such villains, such cut-throats! I am very deeply obliged to you, sir."

It must be said that Lord Marazion did not wince in the face of this gratitude; but that, on the contrary, he had the appearance of enjoying it. The mask had dropped from his face, and he was full of animation.

"Madam," said he, "I beg you will not consider it. The service was trifling, and such as any gentleman must render any lady, whatever her station or her age," and here he cast a look at the girl which expressed modest admiration and profound respect.

"The times is very unmannerly," said the elder woman, sententiously. "But will you not sup, sir?" she asked. "There is all laid and ready, and the *cavi-de-vie* shall be fetched. You must need supper after your perilous fight."

"I would break a piece of bread with my spirit," said his lordship, smiling, for he was delighted to find how they were progressing.

In a little, then, he was seated at table, an obvious and elegant gentleman to the most critical eye. He talked very sensibly and modestly, and with a wit that drew a tribute of laughter from both the ladies; so that he sat and sipped and ate delicately for a longer time than he or they were aware.

"Why," cries the elder lady at last, in surprise, "your papa should have been here by now. I wonder what keeps him"—and at that moment, a bell pealing through



The two figures were lost in the twilight of the embrasure

the house, she rose in some excitement. "There he is, I'll warrant. He will thank you sincerely, sir," and with more speed than Marazion would have given her credit for, she left the room.

No sooner was she gone than the girl bent forward to Marazion. "There is one thing my mother has omitted," she said, timidly, and with a little pleasing confusion, "and that is to inquire who 'tis to whom I am so indebted."

"Why," said his lordship with relief, "and that, while of no consequence in the world, madam, at least gives me the liberty to regret that I know not whom I have had the privilege to assist ever so little, and to whom I am indebted for this hospitable entertainment."

"Oh, we are but recently come to London—my mamma and I," said she, simply; "and my father is—"

But the door opened ere she could complete her sentence, and his lordship looked up.

"Lord Marazion!" burst from the startled new-comer, and "Mr. Hilton!" from the no less amazed peer.

"Why, you are acquainted!" cried the lady, with every sign of pleasure; while Miss Betty said nothing, but stood with her lips parted and her handsome eyes sparkling.

His lordship recovered himself first. "Yes, madam, we are quite old acquaintances," he said, pleasantly, "though never near enough, I fear, to have become friends. And if I had known that 'twas Mr. Hilton's daughter that I was privileged to give some slight assistance to, it would have even added, if possible, to the satisfaction and to the privilege."

He bowed with a smile toward the girl, and turned his eyes warily on the Squire. The coincidence had been amazing, and the situation required the most diligent care. What would the Squire do? Marazion, who was resolved in those few minutes to cling tenaciously to his advantage, surveyed his enemy with the gaze of a hawk. It was Mrs. Hilton who broke in, in her amiable babbling way.

"I was relating to the Squire how you had saved

Betty, and from what wicked men. It frightened me, Squire, to hear her tell it: was it not so, Betty? And you are greatly in the debt of this gentleman, Mr. Hilton—of his lordship, that is. Heavens, how foolish not to have inquired who our benefactor was!"

The Squire advanced into the room. "I am greatly obliged to Lord Marazion," said he in a dry voice, "for his services. But as I am somewhat tired, Julia, I would ask you and Betty to leave us alone, as I have something to discuss with his lordship."

"I am always at your service, Squire," said his lordship, pleasantly, and opened the door with a ceremonious bow for the ladies. Then he came back to the table. "Well, Squire," said he, "this is an odd turn of the wheel."

"You give me your word of honor this is so?" asked Hilton, after a pause.

"You have it, sir," said his lordship, and once more the Squire was silent, apparently deliberating.

Presently he spoke: "I beg you will help yourself to wine, my lord," he said; and, perceiving that Marazion was drinking brandy, smiled his sardonic smile. "Well, sir, this disposes of your chance, and I confess I am sorry for you. You have lost."

"Pardon me, Squire, not until New Year's Day," said Marazion softly.

The Squire shrugged his shoulders. "The wager's lost already. I have only to forbid you the house."

"You will not do that?" said Marazion, firmly.

"Why not?" asked the Squire, harshly.

"Because," said the nobleman, "you would in a nice sense of honor be stepping outside the bounds of our wager."

"That is," said the Squire, dryly, "I am to bring my daughter into a wager, and stand by."

"Pardon me, Squire," said his lordship, suavely, "your daughter is brought in neither by you nor me, but by accident. Neither you nor I can cry off."

There was silence for a few minutes, in which the Squire pondered.

"What is it you want me to do?" he asked at length.

"How far are you presuming on my complaisance?"

"I want freedom to come and go, if I can make the chances," said his lordship. "I want nothing but silence—nothing but holding your hand."

"Since you have rescued my daughter," said the Squire, with a sarcastic smile, "it is obvious that we cannot deny you the house. You may start to-morrow, if you will," he added contemptuously.

"I thank you, sir: I have started to-night," replied Marazion, as with a bow he took his leave.

Yet he made haste to take advantage of the Squire's concession, and presented himself in Jermyn Street on the following afternoon. The ladies were in, and received him most amiably. To Mrs. Hilton it never ceased to be wonderful that he should have turned out to be an acquaintance of her husband's, while she was also frankly pleased to discover his rank. Miss Betty Hilton was more reticent, but Marazion believed that his attentions were received with pleasure, and congratulated himself that he would be missed on his departure and welcomed on his return.

It was precisely her father's attitude that was troubling him, for he never saw the Squire at the house, nor had he any communication with him. It might be that Mr. Hilton was leaving him a fair field, but then, of course, it might be quite otherwise. All he could say was that both mother and daughter made him welcome, and that while the former was very friendly, the latter was not too distant. As a modest girl she naturally kept herself somewhat aloof, but showed (as he thought) a clear appreciation of him and his company. At the end of a week it was that he encountered the Squire again. On entering the house, at his customary hour, to pay his respects to Mrs. Hilton, he found the three together, fresh from what had evidently been an interesting talk. The Squire civilly but coolly made him his bow, but took no part in the conversation, being to all seeming deeply engrossed with his book of accounts. It was Mrs. Hilton who began, opening with the state of the roads and the weather somewhat querulously.

"The roads are full of mud," agreed Lord Marazion, "and I doubt but there will be snow before night."

"There it is, Mr. Hilton," called out the lady. "Do you hear what his lordship says: there will be snow before night?"

"It is very likely," returned the Squire, without looking up.

"Mr. Hilton will have us depart from London," pursued the lady, helplessly. "He has just acquainted us we must go this afternoon."

"This afternoon! But—" cried out Marazion in surprise—"tis Christmas Eve. You can not reach Worcestershire to-night."

"'Tis not Worcestershire. We go to Kingston Hill, to my cousin Anne's," said Betty simply.

His eyes encountered hers, expressing in their gaze the shock and disappointment of this news; and the girl's demurely dropped. From the daughter his glance went on to the father, who was still reading in his book, but in whose face he could detect the hard grin which had always provoked him, even in their early acquaintance.

"That will be charming," said he, quickly; "you will doubtless spend a pleasant Christmas there."

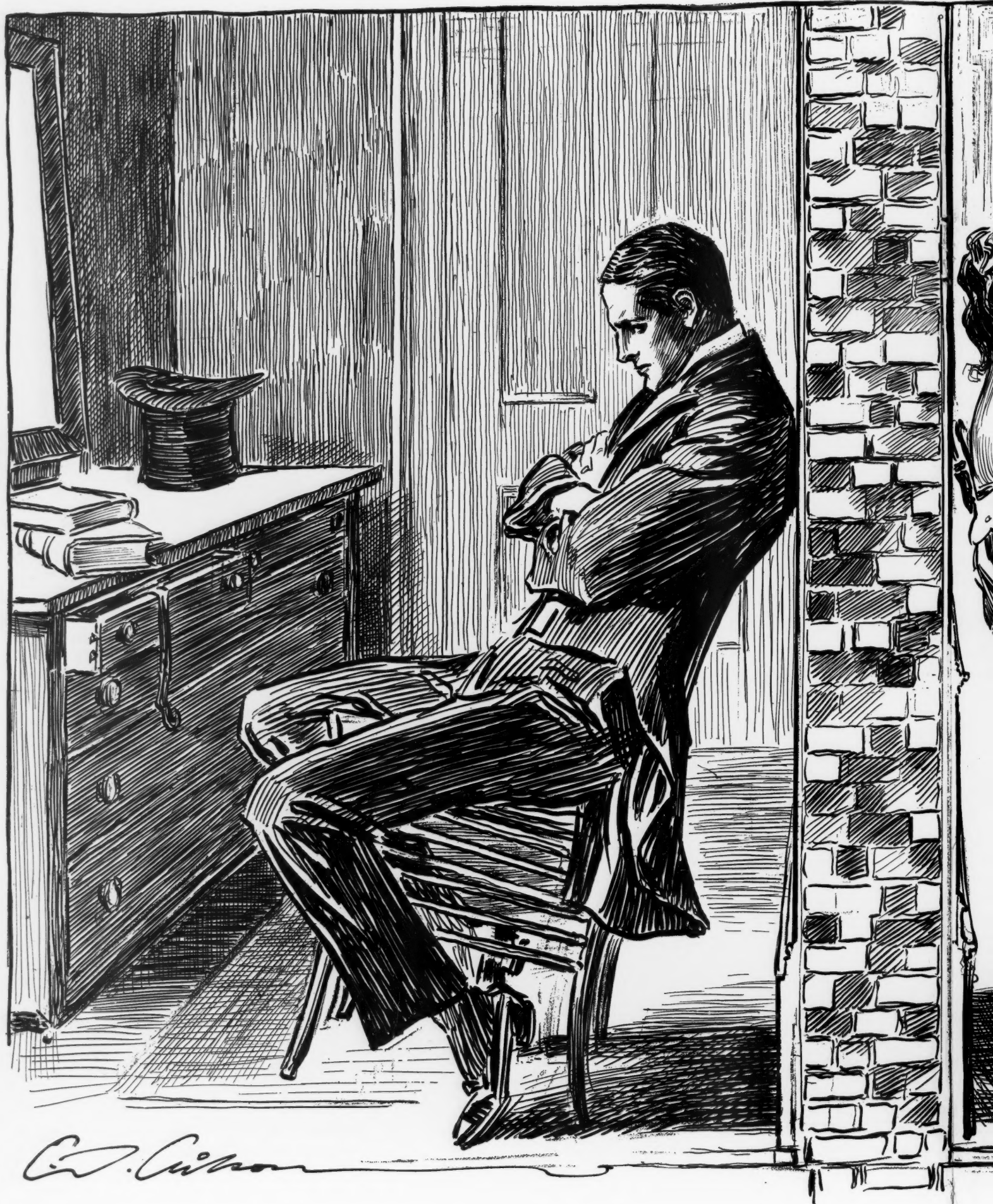
"Yes, my lord," said Mrs. Hilton, "we do not return until after New Year's Day. I will confess, sir, I would have rather gone to Worcestershire, where I am at home, than to cousin Anne's, who is so prim and particular. But 'tis Mr. Hilton's arrangement," and she sighed.

"What hour do you leave?" asked Marazion.

"We shall leave before supper," said the lady, discontentedly; "'twill be two hours' drive, and we shall arrive cold. If the snow falls, Betty, we shall be perished. We go by Putney."

The Squire shut his book, and rose carefully locking the brass clasps. "As we shall lose you, my lord, so soon and are not likely to see you again this winter, 'twill give me pleasure if you will dine with us."

"Why," said Marazion, "I am your humble servant. Squire, and will willingly give myself the pleasure."



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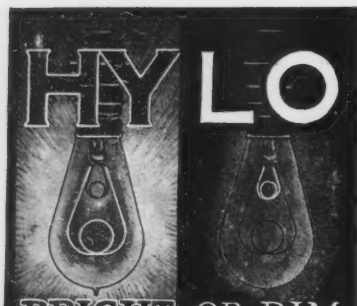
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The dinner was a pleasant one, for not only were the courses choice and well-cooked, but Marazion laid himself out to amuse the table. The Squire, too, seemed in better humor than usual, and made some heavy jokes, which his lordship met with hearty laughter. You would certainly have thought that the two were excellent friends, as indeed did poor Mrs. Hilton and her daughter. Warned by wine and good food, and with his brain afire from the excitement of his own talk, his lordship found himself alone with his host. He wondered if the latter would refer to the wager. He himself would not have done so, but Hilton was of another temperament, of a blunter, coarser fibre. He was right in his conjecture.

"Well, my lord," says the Squire, with his grin, "we bid you good-by from to-night."

"I know not that," said Marazion, rising, a full tide of blood in his veins: "you shall learn shortly," and without further ceremony he opened the door and went out into the hall, leaving the Squire with his sardonic smile. He found Miss Hilton alone, for her mother had retired to consult the housekeeper upon the packing.

"The coach will be here at seven," he said. Betty looked up and nodded. She was engrossed in fine silk-work. "You are glad to go?" he pursued.

"Faith," said she, indifferently, "'tis all one—London or the country—to me. I am a country bird, but I love shops."

"You go to Worcestershire afterward. We must say good-by, then," he continued. "I suppose it is good-by, my lord," she answered, bending over her work.

"And I shall only see you again if I come to Worcestershire?" he went on. She laughed gently and confusedly. "Oh, I cannot tell. Maybe we should be gone thence if you came."

He sat down near her, moved by the tide within him. She was more handsome than ever, and a little soft color played in her face.

"I cannot bear that you should go, Miss Hilton," he said.

"La, we must," she said, tremulously, picking at her silk.

"I cannot lose you, Betty: I love you," he broke forth impetuously.

The girl started, colored, and dropped her silk. "You must not say so," she said, in agitation.

"I will not only say so, child—I will prove so to you," he said, carried away by his feelings, and suddenly drew her to him. She struggled faintly against so great a violation of her maidenly propriety, but ceased at last.

"Do you love me, child?" he whispered; and suddenly saw her eyes, big with tears and emotion, and he knew not what, before his face.

"You saved my life, my lord," she murmured. "I love you. You are brave and true and noble."

Something in Marazion's heart cracked and failed in that moment. In a flash there returned upon him the memory of what he had done, of the wager, and of the false pretences under which he was there. His eyes left her face and fell; she drooped from his lax arms even as she had surrendered herself to them. Impetuous and passionate as he was by nature, those innocent, trusting eyes had driven home to him his treachery. Betty looked up at him, blushing still, yet with surprise growing distinctly in her gaze.

"Miss Hilton," said he, "I love you. I would to God you could be my wife. There is no dearer wish at my heart. Nay, child, forget not that. But, look you, dear: I am a traitor. I am here falsely. I have dragged you into a common wager."

"What is this, my lord?" she asked, tremulously.

"Why," said he, speaking low and fast, "there was no savage band from which I saved you! 'Twas but a merry pack out of Brooks's, where I had wagered to wed the first woman I met." The girl shrank away from his touch. "Nay," said he, quickly, "do not leave me yet, Betty. Let be till all is said; 'twill be time enough. I had staked my estate at Houghton Roy against twenty thousand guineas. That was why I pursued you, who was the first to come by. The assault was but a trick to gain your acquaintance."

He came to a stop, and the girl, who had now withdrawn to a distance, stared at him with a white face.

"That was generous, sir," she said, in a low, uncertain voice. "That was chivalrous. 'Tis such usage. I suppose, as men are wont to give to women. Yet why do you tell me this? Sure, you might, maybe, have held your tongue and saved your money."

Her voice was bitter, and her body, slight and tall, was shaken by her emotions.

"I have told you because I love you," said Marazion, slowly.

"'Tis an odd love," said the girl; "'tis a love that goes with twenty thousand guineas."

"'Tis a love I have thrown away," said he simply, and moved silently toward the door. Her voice arrested him.

"I am but one of thousands," she said. "It might have been any of thousands that you had met first."

"Had it been any other than you, I would not have told her," said Marazion quietly.

She laughed faintly. "You would have carried out the compact," she said, harshly. "You would have wedded."

"I would have wedded any had I not met you," he said, "and meeting you I can wed none," and with that he was gone.

Lord Marazion passed into the large dining-room which was divided by drawn hangings into two parts, and, without any display of emotion, went up to the table, where sat his host still, a glass of port to his hand.

"I am come to say, sir," he said quietly, "that I retire from the wager. You have won. Houghton Roy is yours, and I will have the deeds made out, if your attorney will communicate with mine."

The Squire regarded him before replying, but neither was aware of the curtains that swayed in the partition. "Very well, my lord," he said at last. "I warned you how it would be. I will not say I am not sorry for you, but you pressed me into it, and I want Houghton Roy."

Lord Marazion lifted his shoulders in a gesticulation which forbade any further conversation on the subject; but he was not to be obeyed, for from between the hangings a lithe figure sprang out, white of face but limpid of eye.

"It is false, father. There is some mistake," said Betty. "Lord Marazion has asked me to be his wife, and I have consented."

Marazion fell back in amazement, and something more than amazement was in his face: whereas the Squire's brows were drawn deep in a frown of anger.

"What the devil's this?" he demanded.

"Are you mad?"

"I am to be my lord's wife," she repeated.

"Sdeath," said the Squire, in a fit of passion: "do you know that he played for your hand for a wager—that he put you up for sale, and that you are the price of twenty thousand guineas?"

"I know," said Betty, quaveringly firm, "that my father, who knew me, gambled on me, and my lord, who gambled, did not know me. And I know, sir, that I am not the price of twenty thousand guineas, but that twenty thousand guineas is my dowry," and her eyes fell, and for the first time her pallor was flooded with color.

"Sir," said Marazion, speaking eagerly, as the Squire was silent, biting his lip, "if I may have Miss Hilton, I want her with no dowry."

Still the Squire was silent, and then he turned away. "You have not won till you're wed, my lord," said he.

"We could be wed to-morrow," said Betty, demurely.

The Squire laughed and showed his great teeth. "T'would be a good day for so good a deed, being Christmas Day," he said. "Will you wait until after New Year's Day, my lord?" he asked.

"I will wait till Lady Day, if 'tis necessary," said Marazion. "I will wait till my lady's day, if she will deign to name it."

"Then you lose your wager?" said the other.

"You may have Houghton Roy," said his lordship, "if I may have—" He cast a tender glance at Betty, who, her cheeks now aflame, was standing by her father, the picture of maiden modesty. It may have been that she was conscious of the glance, for she cast up at him a shy glance in return.

"You may have Betty," said the Squire at last, grimly.

"And, papa, papa, Betty may have her dowry?" said his daughter, clinging to his arm.

The Squire smiled more grimly than ever. "It seems I must barter away my daughter," said he, and added, "What is the night like, child?"

Betty went to the window and looked out, giving a cry. "'Tis snowing fast," she said. Marazion followed her, and they stood peering out together into the night from the dim-lighted room. The snow was whirling in the streets.

The Squire rang the bell and addressed the servant who entered: "Tell your mistress that the weather is too foul for Kingston. We will spend Christmas here."

Betty, who had turned at the entrance of the servant, parted her lips and turned back into the hangings of the window. The two figures were lost in the twilight of the embrasure. The Squire drank his port meditatively, his ruddy face shining under the candle-light.

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CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONS

HOW TO MAKE AND
PACK THEM

By
KATHERINE E. MEGEE

THE CUSTOM which now obtains, of sending home-made bonbon candies and other confections as Christmas remembrances where good taste would not sanction a more substantial gift, grows in popularity each year, and candy-making has become as much a feature of the holiday preparations as the distinctive cooking.

Each innovation creates a necessity. In this instance it comes in the shape of a demand for pretty, yet inexpensive, receptacles for the conveyance of the Christmas sweets. Many pleasing conceits in the way of baskets, Cinderella slippers, Christmas stockings and the like may be bought for the purpose, though for daintiness nothing takes the place of a pretty box. Another point in favor of the box is, that it may be easily and cheaply made at home by the person of ordinary skill, and may be as simple or elaborate as desired.

The only materials required for box-making are several sheets of Bristol-board or water-color paper of the rough variety, a bottle of mullage and a few yards of narrow ribbon.

When filling the boxes, pains should be taken to make everything pertaining to them as dainty as possible, that the gift may appeal to the eye as well as to the palate. Boxes with lids should be lined with oiled paper over a lace paper dolly, a generous border of the lace showing above the edges. Pack the candy in layers with oiled paper between and over the top layer. Fold over the border of lace, close the lid and tie with pretty ribbon.

If the boxes are made without lids, use fringed tissue-paper of some delicate shade for the outside lining. When the box is filled, the fringe should be arranged to simulate a cover, or

it may hang gracefully over the edges and a cover of lace paper be spread over the top and held in place by ribbon.

When packing boxes similar to the cylindrical shape shown in the illustration, each piece of candy should be first wrapped in oiled paper and then in fringed tissue-paper and the ends prettily twisted.

If the Christmas candy is intended for use on the home table instead of a gift, serve in pretty bonbon dishes.

FRENCH BONBONS.—Before attempting this variety of sweets, it is imperative that one master the art of making *fondant*, which is the basis of all French candies. With this knowledge as stock-in-trade, the possible changes and combinations are almost limitless; without it, nothing can be done. There are two popular ways of making *fondant*; but as both produce, practically, the same results, which shall be used is a matter of choice.

RAW FONDANT.—To the white of one egg add an equal quantity of ice water (this may be exactly ascertained if the white of egg is first measured in a glass) and a teaspoonful of extract. Beat until the mixture is light, then add, gradually, one pound or more confectioner's XXX sugar. Work with a spoon until smooth and firm.

COOKED FONDANT.—Place over the fire four cupfuls XXX sugar and one cupful of water; stir with a wooden spatula until the sugar is dissolved, *no longer*. Boil ten minutes or until it "threads." Remove saucepan to table and test *fondant* by rubbing a little of it between the fingers. If it balls, turn into a bowl; when partly cooled, add flavoring, then beat with the spatula until stiff enough to knead with the hands like bread.

The *fondant* resulting from either of these mixtures may be shaped into balls, squares, small cubes, disks and many other forms. A little experience will enable one to do this readily. If vegetable colorings—which are harmless—be used, the French candies may be more perfectly imitated. For flavoring, use extracts or fruit juices.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Dip plain creams, shaped from *fondant*, into melted sweet chocolate and they become chocolate creams. This dipping must be done quickly. Nothing is better for holding the creams while dipping than a long hat-pin. Harden on oiled paper.

COCOANUT CREAMS.—Add grated cocoanut to the *fondant*,

shape into cones, brush over with beaten white of egg and roll gently in grated cocoanut.

FRUIT CREAMS.—Add chopped fruit to the *fondant* and shape to suit the fancy. Or, form into a loaf and cut into small square slices. By substituting chopped nuts for the fruit one has delicious nut loaf.

VARIEGATED CREAMS.—Divide the *fondant* into three or more parts. Color and flavor each differently. Mold into flat cakes, pile one upon the other, press firmly—but carefully together, trim the edges neatly, then cut into squares, cubes or strips.

FRUIT BONBONS.—Stone candied cherries, white grapes or dates and fill with small rolls of *fondant* flavored with vanilla.

NUT CREAMS.—Pecan, peanut, almond, hazelnut or English walnut meats are converted into nut creams by rolling them in *fondant* and then dipping in melted chocolate. Or, press the meats into little cakes of the *fondant*.

Thus one combination suggests another equally delicious, and from even a small amount of *fondant* a great variety of bonbons may be evolved. 'Tis wiser to make the *fondant* in small quantities. If more is needed, make again. The results warrant this expenditure of time and trouble.

NOUGAT.—To make this most delectable of candies, melt over the fire in a porcelain-lined vessel one pound fine white sugar with two tablespoonfuls of water. Have ready one-half pound sweet almonds, blanched and chopped. When the syrup begins to turn yellow, add the nuts, stir for five minutes, add a little grated lemon peel, and pour at once into a well-oiled flat pan. When partly cooled, mark with a greased knife into bars.



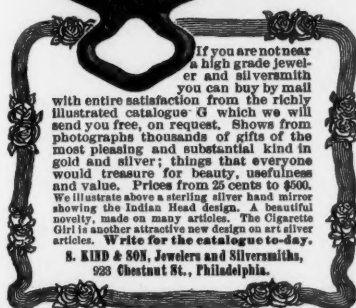
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IT IS OFTEN ARGUED that the home-made Christmas gift involves useless expenditure of time, labor and money—an argument which a tour of the shops during or just preceding the holiday season renders all but convincing; and one must admit that foolish indeed are those to whom Christmas giving signifies merely the cancelling of real or fancied obligations, if they do not avail themselves of the opportunity the ready-made gift offers. But with the woman whose Christmas gifts are but the visible tokens of an inward feeling, it is all very different. For her the gift fashioned by her own fingers possesses a peculiar significance, and the message it carries to the recipient is one that can neither be bought nor sold.

In the home-made gift there are two extremes which must be avoided. These are represented by the useless and purposeless gift, the only merit and redeeming trait of which is its beauty, and the too practical one which savors too strongly of the work-a-day life. Again, appropriateness must be considered.

It is very necessary for the woman who makes her gifts, to very early decide to whom

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and what presents shall be given and how much in the way of money can be afforded—of course no value is put upon her time or labor; they are a part of the gift. The home-made present may range in price from a few cents to many dollars according to its nature and elaboration. Those described below represent the medium-priced gift—one dollar. If cheaper materials are used they may be reproduced for less; or, by using more expensive ones, the cost may be increased.

A work-basket set comprises a silk-lined basket, a needle book, an emery bag and a pincushion. The emery bag takes the form of a green pea pod; the pincushion is a red silk apple, cleverly stuffed with cotton and striped with yellow paint. The blossom end is a clove, the stem a bit of wire. The needle-case is made of red silk embroidered in yellow silk and decorated with narrow yellow ribbon.

For the bachelor-girl friend who delights in chafing-dish affairs, make a pretty apron of India linen, lawn, mull, dotted Swiss or China silk, gay in ribbon and lace or severely prim and proper according to the taste in such matters of the to-be wearer. An apron always imparts an air of womanliness which is very becoming.

For the society young man make a shield to be worn with his evening dress suit. This useful article serves not only as a chest protector, but also to preserve the pristine freshness of the shirtfront. The illustration makes plain its construction. It may be developed in heavy black gros-grain silk or in black satin with a lining of soft white silk.

A collar or cuff box, which is made by neatly covering a round wooden spice box with leather, is another useful present for a man.

A pretty device for keeping the twentieth century girl's white stocks and starched collars immaculate when not encircling her fair throat, is made of a round basket. Line with silk of delicate hue, with an interlining of wadding sprinkled with sachet powder. A circular piece of pasteboard covered and wadded serves for a lid and also as a convenient resting place for the fancy pins worn at the front and back of stock collars.

If this same girl does not embroider, she is sure to be delighted with a pair of hand-embroidered Christmas stockings. A simple design for the motif is always in better taste than a showy one. Any small flower or figure may be used.

Bags are always acceptable, and their name is legion. Indeed, one might write bag opposite each name on the Christmas list, and even then not exhaust the changes which may be rung on these useful articles.

The photograph bag is pretty and unique. It is fashioned after the old-time *slat* bonnet, save that it has two "curtains" and the slats are in the middle. It is drawn into shape by means of a ribbon run through crocheted rings sewed two inches from the edge on each curtain. Brocade and plain silk were employed in the design given.

A dainty hand-made *mouchoir*, without which no dressy toilet is complete, and a pretty case in which to keep it and its fellows fresh and sweet, is always an acceptable gift. The case in the illustration is one of the newest ideas. To reproduce it, cut four circular pieces of soft "crinkled" pink silk; join in pairs with a thick layer of perfumed cotton ball between, sew the two pieces thus obtained together two-thirds the distance round. Cover the top with a full-blown pink silk rose.

By no means least in importance, if in size, is the Christmas baby. For this "snow bird" the cosiest nest pictured is an inspiration. It not only keeps baby snug and warm, but in it he may without any discomfort be carried "upstairs, downstairs and to my lady's chamber." If soft silk and lace were substituted for the cambric and dotted Swiss with which the basket in the design is covered, its beauty and expense would be greatly enhanced.

A weighing basket is another device for the new baby. It must have strong handles and be daintily lined and trimmed.

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leaves a good taste in the mouth. It is pure and wholesome. Don't be cheated with cheap goods.—Adv.

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*Santa Claus is Ambushed**"Merry Christmas!"**A Difference of Opinion**Captured by the Enemy**The Robbery of Santa Claus**The Bears' Christmas Morning*

A SUBMARINE MONOPOLY

DRAWN BY F. STROTHMANN



Christmas Eve's arrived at last; the Octopus waves high in glee
His tentacles, and then proceeds to hang his socks all o'er the tree.

While grouped about in glum despair fair Mermaids whimper, Merboys cuss
As each one groans below his breath, "Oh, would I were an Octopus!"



"IS 'OO SANTY CLAUS?"

DRAWN BY F. A. CARTER

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CHRISTMAS GIVING

by
MARGARET HALL



IT IS SUCH a misfortune to spoil a possibility which comes to us but once a year, so pitiable to rob ourselves as well as our beneficiaries of the happiness that a sincere element of sentiment may always carry. It is so unworthy to put into one's Christmas gifts no deeper significance than just monetary value—and so to lose the true spirit of the Christmastide—allowing, through our own bungling and lack of appreciation, so rich an opportunity to dwindle down to a meaningless custom, nothing more than an annual shopping tour. Just the buying of a number of shop-displayed articles, to be sent home, sorted over—the best and most costly apportioned to those who need them least, who are already over-supplied with this world's goods; and the "odds and ends," the "job-lot," left remaining, marked off for general, indiscriminate distribution among one's less favored relations and friends—to whose hearts and homes they will convey but bitterness and ill-feeling, touching no chord of tenderness or love. The step-children of Providence are very keen of appreciation.

Can we not make a reversal of the old order of things this blessed Christmas? We will find its fruits before another dawn. Let us strive that our gift shall be appropriate, meeting the tastes, the wants, the dreams of our friends. If we send a pair of gloves, a book, a picture, a basket of fruit, a box of pretty handkerchiefs or one of useful hosiery, a vinaigrette, an umbrella, a dainty timepiece, a dress-length, a muff and box, a barrel of flour, a ton of coal, a plant, a trinket, a magazine subscription, etc., let the article reach where it will prove a boon. Let us do some thinking!

In the fulfilling of our resolve that this Christmas shall be no repetition of its predecessors, let us not direct an expensive box of bonbons to the house where there already abounds a nauseating surfeit of sweets, and just a Christmas card to the little one who never beheld, outside of a shop-window, a pretty basket of confectionery; or an extravagant toy to the abode where the storeroom is piled high with articles of the same character, of which the blasé little owner has grown ennuyée; and a box of cheap handkerchiefs to the child whose heart is pining for just one specimen of what Fortune's spoiled darling but casts aside. A theatre, concert, or opera ticket would prove here and there a gift of untold meaning. But let us discriminate here, too, that the concert possibility may not find its way to the friend who will be lacking in appreciation. Let us send it where it will mark a red-letter day, an event; something that will linger in the thoughts, carrying sweet memories away into the new year and even further.

Let us not address the theatre open sesame to the opera lover, and vice versa. Let us send no messenger to the wrong door. Fate does enough of this. But Fate plays her little game that she may give to her children the dear privilege of reversing her ways, of sending happiness into sorrowful lives, and so through earnest "good-will" storing up peace and joy unto themselves.

And just here it seems apropos for this pen to efface itself—to leave to kindly hearts the finishing out of their own Christmas reveries and inspirations. "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

CHRISTMAS HOME DECORATION

EVERGREENS and holly are the materials at hand for the Christmas home-trimming, and nothing could be more appropriate; however, too much time-worn conventionality hampers us in handling these. Moreover, we do not give enough forethought to this pretty custom and make it the success it might be. Many people look ahead, to the extent of making their Christmas gifts in leisure time of the summer, but few remember the coming season when on autumn walks or chest-nutting expeditions.

Dried grasses and leaves used as a permanent decoration are likely to become tawdry and tiresome unless very artistically managed, but they are exquisite in home decoration on this special occasion. The road-side ferns, both green ones and those browned and yellowed by early frost, are most manageable, and the Christmas or evergreen fern has the qualities of richness and pliability which made it invaluable for trimming. The russet leaves of the white oak and the great tanned ones of the shrub-oak give the shades of brown so beautiful in combination with dark green. We may, also, obtain these colors in cones and chestnut burrs.

If one waits till the day before Christmas to plan this decoration, these suggestions may seem impracticable; but that is just what should not be done, for there are the autumn leaves to be gathered which are to lend their red and yellow to the color scheme. So many people stay late in the country now that it seems too bad to neglect the products of the autumn and winter woods which can be so suggestively used at Christmas time.

The turned leaves and ferns need not be pressed with any great care. It is necessary that they should be dry and smooth only, and to effect this lay the ferns between newspapers

—on an attic floor if possible—with some convenient weight on top. The leaves may be placed between the pages of a magazine and as good as forgotten until wanted. Perfect specimens are not more necessary than perfect pressing; indeed, both gathering and preparing need not be a laborious task, but rather a thing done by the way.

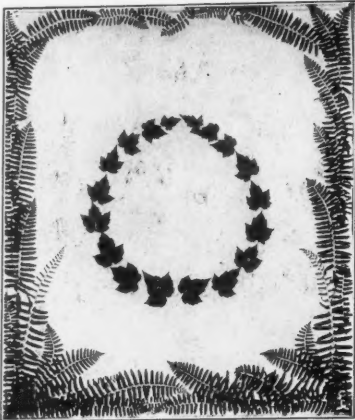
The pine, holly and box boughs can of course be procured at Christmas time. The way in which the ground pine, the arbor-vitæ, and other evergreens are stripped and tortured into

ropes is not only inartistic but a great deal of work. The boughs themselves should be used whenever it is possible to obtain them.

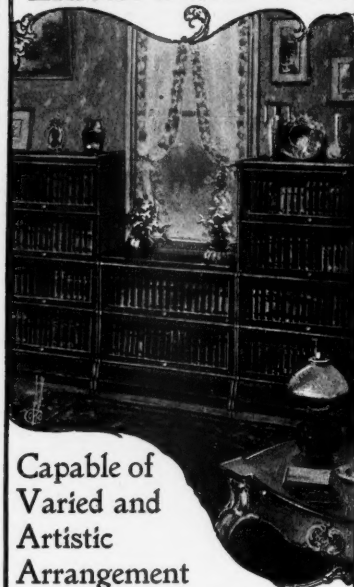
A beautiful looped frieze can be made by tying sprays of pine and hemlock along a cord; one knot is sufficient to hold each. The ball of twine should be held and unwound as the sprays are tied.

When this garland is ready it can be caught in loops around the cornice or picture molding with common pins. It is a delicate fringe, much prettier, less work and less expensive than the tight rope of greens. Such a garland is pretty in the hall and may be carried up the staircase. Banisters are a fine opportunity for trimming the newel-post especially. If this holds a lamp or gas fixture, branches

of boxwood can be placed about it with beautiful effect. Boxwood is an ideal Christmas green, beautiful in color and not scattering its leaves as pines, etc., do. A little trim-



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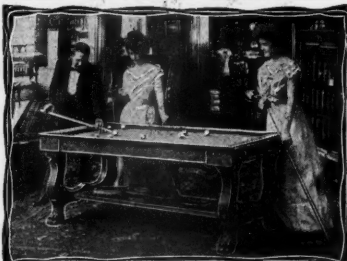
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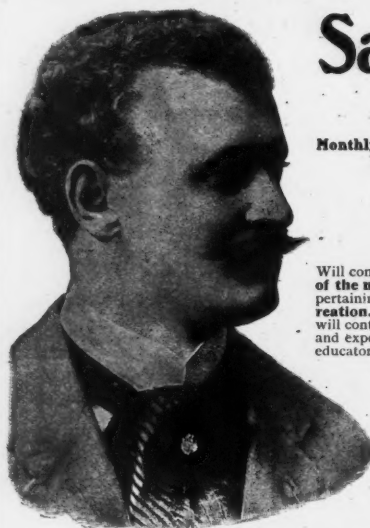
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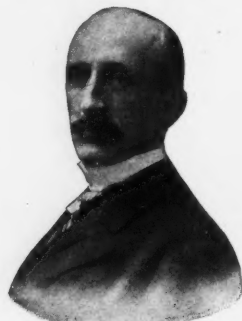
George Halsted Boyland, A. M., M. D., of Paris, Doctor of Medicine, of the Faculty of Paris, in the New York Medical Journal, August 22, 1896, says: "There is no remedy as absolutely specific in all forms of Albuminuria and Bright's Disease, whether acute or chronic, as BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, accompanied by a milk diet. In all cases of pregnancy, where albumin is found in the urine, as late as the last week before confinement, if this water and a milk diet are prescribed, the albumin disappears rapidly from the urine and the patient has a positive guarantee against puerperal convulsions."

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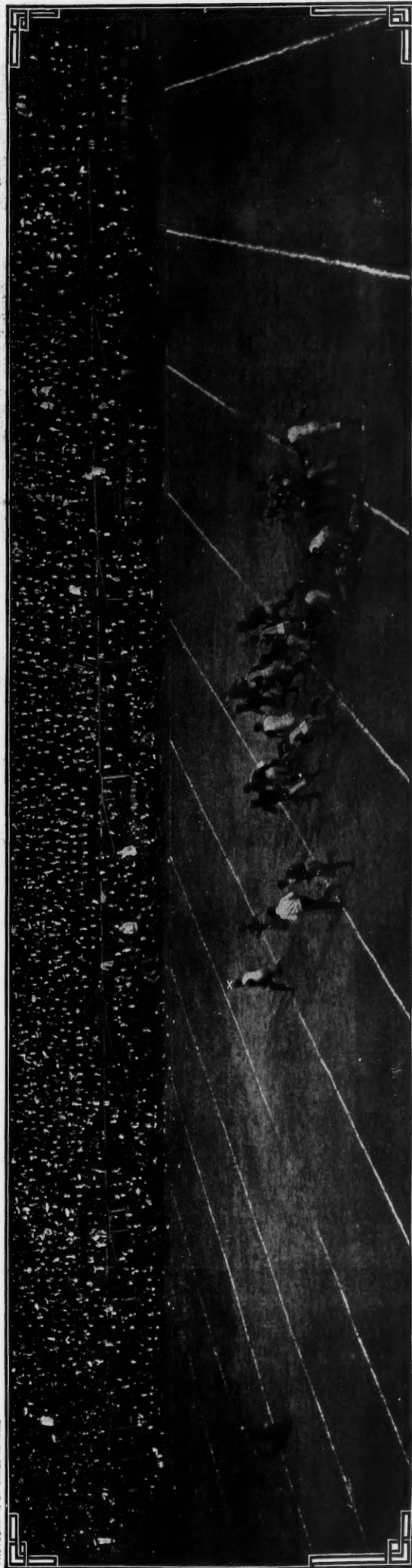
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR—EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

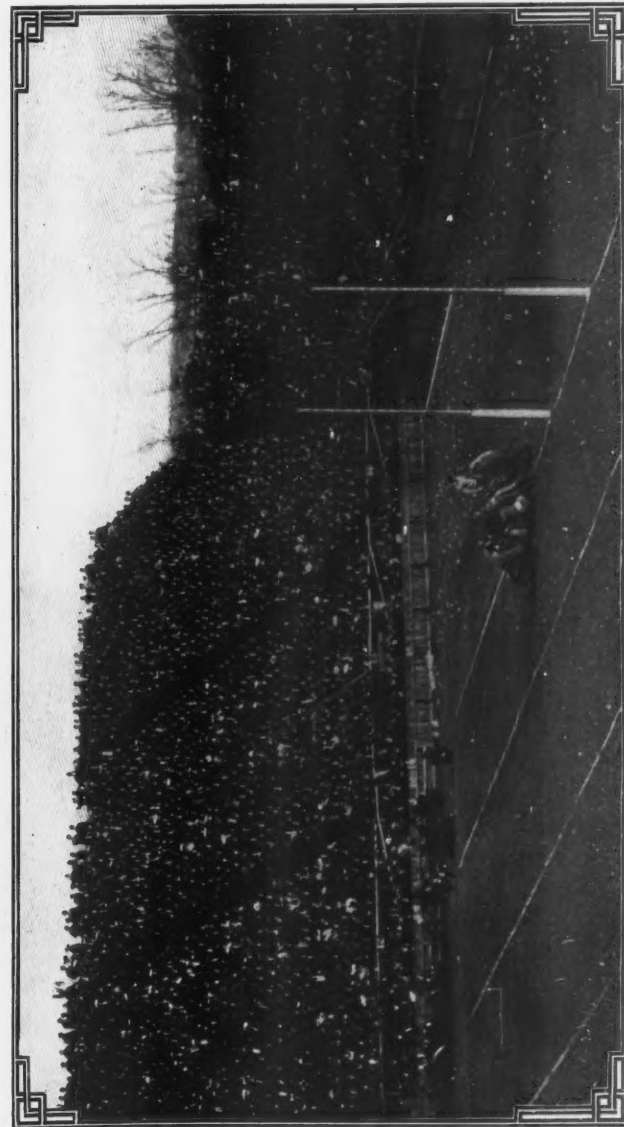
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



YALE vs. HARVARD AT NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 22.—METCALF (x), YALE'S RIGHT HALF, STARTING FOR THE HARVARD GOAL, A DISTANCE OF SIXTY-FIVE YARDS, WITH ONLY THE HARVARD QUARTER BETWEEN HIM AND THE COVETED LINE. THIS WAS THE MOST SENSATIONAL RUN OF THE SEASON AND RESULTED IN THE SECOND TOUCHDOWN FOR THE BLUE

YALE 23, HARVARD 0.—Thirty thousand people forming huge banks of animated color framed a square of green striped with three lines of white. Now and again portions of this great living frame would start into motion, and the sound of cheers would burst forth. Still the little green patch in the middle showed nothing that should cause the excitement. Suddenly from one corner came running in some twosome blue-clad men, and in an instant the entire east side of that great frame stretched up and reached out, and broke into a mad roar of welcome. On the heels of these first men came a similar body of crimson-legged warriors, and at their entrance an even greater cheering came from the west side. Then the thirty thousand people settled down to see the contest in that little green patch, for which many of them had come hundreds, and some even thousands, of miles, and in preparation for which these uniformed men and scores more had been working for months—for it was the annual contest between two big universities for football supremacy.

The story of the game itself is a story of how a slight superiority magnified itself through constant repetition until the score mounted up and made that superiority seem great. Yale's attack was scarcely any more powerful than Harvard's. In fact, Harvard's at times seemed to have even more pounds and drive in it than Yale's. In her tandem plays, the impact with Yale's line was more crushing than when Yale's formation plays swept into the Harvard line. When each team knew just what to expect, there was but little to choose between them, and, if anything, Harvard was the surer to gain under those conditions. But the Yale attack, while appearing less ferocious, was far more varied, and although, when diagnosed correctly by the opponents, not as hard to stop, had so many more variations that as the game wore on, that machine seemed to gather more and more force and to find its progress less and less impeded as its director, the Yale quarter-back, through experiment learned the strength and weakness of Harvard's defence.



CAPTAIN CHADWICK, YALE'S STAR HALF-BACK, MAKING THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN FOR THE BLUE AFTER A SERIES OF LINE-BUCKING PLAYS THAT OVERWHELMED THE CRIMSON FORWARDS

The most seriously telling point of the Yale attack in this game, as in the Princeton contest, was the constant possibility of a long run. Yale had enough superiority over Princeton in the steady, slower-running game to hammer out possibly a small score. Twice her game leaped into brilliancy with two 50-yard runs each for a touchdown. In the Harvard game, her first touchdown was hammered out slowly and laboriously. Then like a flash came the ever possible brilliant ground-annihilating run and Metcalfe had covered 65 yards and added a touchdown which practically cost nothing in the way of effort, but which, like Chadwick's in the Princeton game, put the issue beyond possibility of doubt. Twice again Yale shot men through in similar fashion, Chadwick nearly duplicating his former feat; but in neither event did the play result in a touchdown. It did add, however, to the efficiency of Yale's other plays, because it placed Harvard's secondary line of defence constantly on the anxious seat.

Yale's proportion of gains in the running game was some five yards to Harvard's one, or 350 yards to 70, taking out for ground lost. In punting—taking in Rockwell's quarter-back kick—Harvard averaged a few yards the better, but as that kick was hardly intended for distance, the record was about even. Yale ran back the kicks far more effectively. There was little fumbling, and Yale's was not as expensive as Harvard's, though in this it was only a matter of luck. The condition of the Yale men, thanks to Mike Murphy, was even better than in the Princeton game, while the precision of their plays, secured by the indefatigable work of Mr. Swan and the determination of Captain Chadwick, was higher than that of any recent team.

Captain Kernan of Harvard and Captain Chadwick of Yale, with the two officials, Mr. McClung of Lehigh and Mr. Dashiell of Annapolis, met in the centre of the field and tossed a coin to see which of the two teams should have the benefit of quite a steady southwest breeze which was blowing and which made the southerly goal the more advantageous one to defend. Captain Kernan won the

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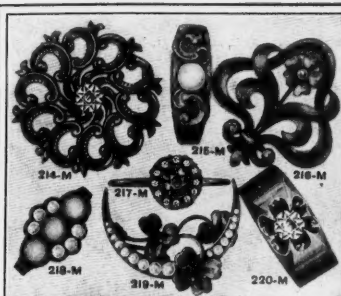
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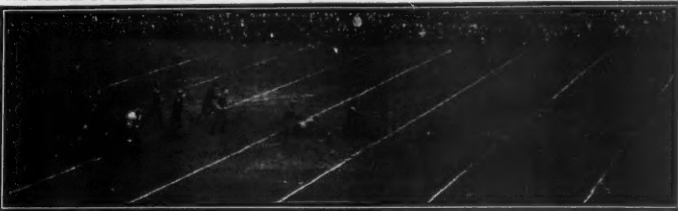
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Chadwick gets through Harvard's Tackle for Twenty-five Yards

loss and motioned with his hand that he would take the south goal, and the two captains separated to bring on their teams. As the twenty-two men lined up the excitement was stiflingly intense.

Yale had the kick-off against the wind, and Bowman's first essay went to the left and out of bounds, necessitating the ball being brought back and kicked over again. Just as he was ready for the second kick, Shevlin, Yale's right end, was forced to delay the game a moment as a lacing had broken. Finally, when every one felt the strain was unbearable, the wind itself blew the ball over from its position on the ground just as Bowman was starting forward to kick it. At last, however, it was duly poised, and Bowman sent it shooting down toward the Harvard goal with a kick that, in view of the wind being strongly against it, was remarkably good, for it travelled nearly to the goal line, and in the last part of its progress soared just enough so as to give Yale's men time to get nearly under it. The Harvard back who caught it slipped a little as he started; the result was that Yale nailed him with very little chance to get back any distance. Then every one felt the big struggle was on in reality. Harvard settled down to attack, but after two plunges preferred to take advantage of the wind, and Kernan sent a kick down nearly to the middle of the field. Even with the wind, however, it was not as long as Bowman's kick-off.

It was Yale's turn to try an attack. Two downs failed to gain the necessary five yards and the clever Rockwell resorted to a quarter-back kick. It was a queer thing, for it did not go where it was meant; but the very oddness of its execution proved its salvation. It went through between the line men and so upset the Harvard back that he fumbled it, and Yale recovered it on Harvard's 30-yard line. This bit of Providence for Yale offered a chance. The prospects were she would never have a better opportunity to score, for she had only thirty yards to go, and every man on the team realized it. Rockwell sent a starter out at Harvard's left tackle in order to soften up the middle of the line for what he expected to do later. He lost distance, but he accomplished his object; for, turning his machine the next time into the centre, he sent a tackle crashing through for nearly ten yards. He ripped it again, and this time his machine placed the ball on Harvard's 22-yard line. From there on the little quarter sent his plays with deadly execution straight down until he put Chadwick through for the first touchdown—and the game only ten minutes old! The Yale crowd went literally wild, for her attack had proved unstoppable, and what was still more to her interest, she had, under the new rules, earned the right to the advantage of the wind, for the side could now change goals. Bowman converted the touchdown, and the score stood Yale 6, Harvard 0.

Harvard kicked off from the centre of the field to Yale's 25-yard line, Yale attacked, but Harvard, working harder under the spur of disaster, held her twice, and Bowman was forced to punt. He sent the ball to the middle of the field, and Harvard then began to take a turn in the game, and her attack proved a tremendously powerful one. Yale for the first time was facing something in Harvard's tandem that her team could not stop in its tracks. Down they came with good hard-smashing gains, first the runner going low when catching the Yale line going too high, then, when they got lower, hurdling them, and, when the centre men struck the happy medium, making a double pass, the interference striking at the centre and the runner swinging out with good assistance outside

tackle. In this way they came down steadily to Yale's 35-yard line.

Here they lost the ball for holding, and the over-eagerness of the Harvard line on the next down cost them five yards more for getting off side. Bowman kicked down to Harvard's 30-yard line, and Harvard once more began her attack; but it was hard work, as the Yale line was gradually becoming accustomed to the Harvard tackle-back tandem. Kernan punted and Metcalf muffed the ball on Yale's 40-yard line, but Bowman was on hand and recovered it nicely. Rockwell signalled for tackles back and sent Bowman into Knowlton for a gain of a yard. The same formation, and Harvard gathered on Yale's strong side of the line, determined and dense. Could they have guessed the signal Rockwell was giving, how they would have sprung to the weak side of the line! But there was nothing to tell them this, and in another instant the ball had been snapped, the fake interference had started and, before Harvard had a suggestion of what had happened, Rockwell had tossed the ball to Metcalf and the fleetest-footed of all the Yale men had gone through on the weak side of the line clean and was running untouched toward Marshall, the only man who stood between him and the crimson goal. A Harvard man was following him, and Metcalf half looked over his shoulder before reaching Marshall to see if he would have time to dodge. The look seemed to reassure him, for he slowed up a trifle and then swung gracefully past

Marshall. The turn, however, had given the Harvard man a chance to gain, and the first thought was that he might still overtake the flying Yale man. But as soon as Metcalf had passed Marshall he let himself out in earnest, and the gap no longer closed but widened, and in another moment he was across the line for Yale's second touchdown.

This seemed to settle the game, as far as the question of victory or defeat was concerned, but Harvard might still pull down that lead. Right bravely she went at it, for on the very heels of this discouraging 65-

yard run of Metcalf's she made her attack the best of the afternoon and once carried the ball steadily down to Yale's 7-yard line. It was a magnificent exhibition of fighting qualities under the most adverse conditions, and in spite of one or two trying fumbles, which lost the down when she needed it most. But on the very eve of a score fortune frowned upon her, and Yale at last secured the ball and safety. Once again Harvard had her chance when Marshall tried a drop-kick. It missed the goal by a few yards, and there was never thereafter a time when Harvard became dangerous. Yale, with the confidence that always comes to a winner, went faster and stronger and piled up two more scores and was fairly started toward the third when the referee's whistle blew for the end of the game.

Virginia gratified her admirers by defeating the Carlisle Indian team, at Norfolk, Va., by a score of 6 to 5. Virginia scored in the first half and Carlisle went in to even it up, but five points were all the Indians could get.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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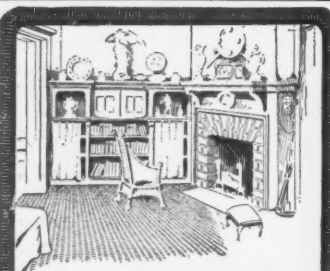
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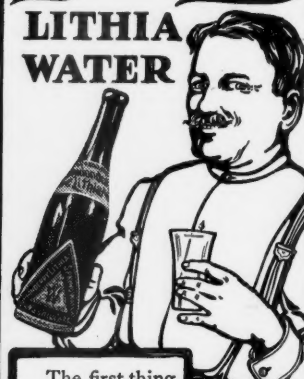
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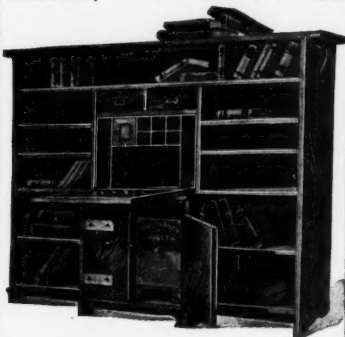
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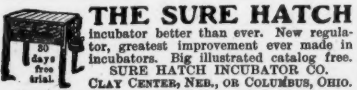
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NEW CATHOLIC MISSION AT WASHINGTON



Church Dignitaries on the Apostolic Mission Site. (x) Cardinal Gibbons

WHEN Cardinal Gibbons officiated last month at the breaking of ground where the new Apostolic Mission House will stand on the premises of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., a significant religious movement was inaugurated. The Catholic Missionary Union is the result of aggressive work among non-Catholics which began under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers a few years ago. Rev. Walter Elliot attracted the attention of the Catholic bishops of the country, who, in conjunction with the Catholic University, determined upon a training-school for missionaries to be recruited from the ranks of the secular clergy. This will be the purpose of the Apostolic Mission House. The building will cost some fifty thousand dollars, and is intended to be the home of the Catholic Missionary Union of New York. The turning of the initial sod of earth by Cardinal Gibbons on November 13, in the presence of archbishops, bishops and priests from all over the United States, was a symbolical rite recognizing the new movement. Among the other distinguished Church dignitaries present were Archbishops Farley of New York, Ryan of Philadelphia, Ireland of St. Paul, Williams of Boston, Elder of Cincinnati and Keane of Dubuque. Many bishops were present also. The Mission structure itself will add one more architectural attraction to the nation's capital.

THE NEGROES OF WASHINGTON

By I. K. FRIEDMAN, Author of "By Bread Alone"

THE COLORED population of Washington presents a sociological problem, unique, peculiar to itself, alive with interest, and unlike that of any other city on which the round moon shimmers. If extremes meet anywhere they fairly bump against each other here, and the two opposite ends are of the same race and hue.

Here one finds the negro, and without number, still in the same elemental stage where savagery left him, and here one is met at every corner by negroes who possess all the refinement and culture that modern education can bestow. Corn-field negroes drifting in from Maryland, tobacco-field negroes emigrating from Virginia, negro drunkards who haunt the river bar-rooms, stupefied with vile whiskey, and true gentlemen of color, like Professor Kelly Miller of Howard University and Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United States Treasury, are typical of the two ends which the white man in the centre meets at every turn.

What would be termed a slum in any other city is denominated an alley in Washington, and these alleys—Blajden's, Naylor's, Glick's, and a dozen more like them—are filled, with but a white exception here and there, by the folk of color. Ordinarily these odd tenement districts are peaceful and serene enough—so peaceful and serene that one would scarcely suspect their existence; but let a quarrel or an affair of the razor occur and the black inhabitants—the lowest that can be assembled anywhere—pour forth from their squalid hives in perfect swarms. A full ninety per cent of the crimes of the city are blacklisted (in every sense) against these quarters of the poverty-stricken of Washington; and yet, in justice to the denizen of the alley, it must be said that crime in its worst and premeditated sense is rare, and that stabbing affrays and murders are comparatively infrequent and the result of sudden impulse.

THE PURLEUS OF POVERTY

Secure the friendly offices of a policeman, penetrate the gloomy crevices of these seamy quarters, and if you are interested in colored types, you can gratify your curiosity to the full. In the rear room of a tenement that shelters maybe five families you will find "old mummies," palsied and age-stricken, shivering over a dying fire; while in the cubby-hole of a room in front you will discover an "old uncle," white of hair, toothless and blind, who has crept here, an object of the sporadic charity of the miserable, to end his days. Ascend the rickety stairs, and a troop of ragged pickaninnies will call their bandannaturbaned mother to question your approach. Nowhere outside of the "Black Belt" will you find such a variety of types, and there they are scattered over wide areas.

The average visitor will leave Washington with the impression that the nation's capital contains no slum, so completely are these odd haunts of vice and misery shielded from the eye of all but the initiated, so well surrounded are they by the mansions of the rich, so covered by imposing structures, exclusive apartment buildings and imposing government structures, and so hidden are they by broad, shaded avenues. A slum of this character is more dangerous to the health and well-being of a community than that of any other mentionable; its evils escape detection, vice breeds unobserved, destitution festers without pity,

disease flourishes without a check. In his last Message to Congress, President Roosevelt, who has a thorough understanding of the tenement problem, called attention to this condition of affairs in a few terse, apt paragraphs.

Besides the colored tenements of the alley there is the colored shanty of the avenues. Pass down Massachusetts or Rhode Island Avenue, strike into Dupont Circle—in any of the arteries and at the very heart of Washingtonian seclusion and fashion, and next to the magnificent homes of the millionaire, you will notice the dilapidated shack of the colored washerwoman. The negro came to Washington when the post-bellum sentiment for his race was at its height; he squatted in the choicest of locations, and all the government's horses and all the government's men cannot make him stir from what he values as his choicest privilege. In more ways than one these tumble-down shacks are an obstacle to the improvement of the city, a nail in the wheel of progress and a stumbling-block to the plans for the capital's beautification.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST—

Talk to a negro of intelligence and education, and he will tell you that his race will survive the whites in Washington, since survival is to those fittest to survive under given conditions, and the colored man can thrive in homes and live on a wage where his white brother would fade like a violet in the sun. The cast-off clothes of a master, which a white servant would reject in scorn, the negro wears in pride, for he would seem to revel in the picturesqueness that rags lend to his appearance, and the wife or daughter who "goes out in service" will nourish the family with food from her basket, filled nightly by the leavings from her mistress's table. The white man cannot compete; he must leave Washington or starve; and hence the wagons, carts and carriages are driven, vegetables and fish are peddled, the houses are cleaned and painted, the streets are paved and swept, the buildings are erected and dismantled—in short, every manner of service varying from the menial to the lower type of skilled labor is performed by black hands.

Quick to recognize and grasp his opportunities for betterment, the negro pours into Washington from all quarters of the South, until the competition for place has become savage and wages are cut down to the subsistence limit. Even the tip which the Congressman hands to the colored waiter of Washington is lower than he would think of proffering to him elsewhere. Figures, so to speak, tell the story in other words. Washington's population of 278,000 is one-third colored, while but twenty-eight per cent of the 287,000 people in New Orleans are black and forty-eight per cent of Memphis's 103,000 is listed as negro. Washington, then, has the largest colored population of any city in the United States.

If you would look on another and a brighter picture, walk into a Pennsylvania Avenue bookstore and observe the olive-complexioned, blue-eyed girls (their colored ancestry barely perceptible) who ask the clerks for text-books in geometry, grammars in Greek and Latin, the classics in French; note their dress, their demeanor and their accent, and if you are impartial you must admit they are surpassed in nothing by the daughters of Washington's



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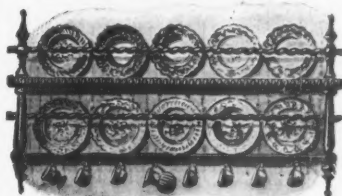
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LARGEST Nursery.
FRUIT-BOK free. We
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The simplest, most perfect incubator made in the world. This is a new one at a remarkably low price. It is an enlargement of the famous

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and made as thoroughly good as any incubator on the market. It will hatch every fertile egg, and stand up to regular usage as well as the most costly.

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elite. In the car that bears you homeward, if you are on the lookout for it, you will catch sight of dark-hued faces bent in study over the newest works on chemistry or biology.

THE ELEVATION OF A RACE

If you are still doubtful of the capabilities and possibilities of the colored race, visit the Colored High School—an institution supported by the government—and under the able guidance of the principal, Miss A. J. Cooper, spend an hour in conversation with its cultured teachers, inspect the work of the classrooms and the laboratories; listen to the recitations in the sciences, in the languages and English literature, inspect the artistic drawings; watch the faces of the young men and women, beaming with intelligence, surcharged with interest in their studies; note the perfect deportment—do these things in a spirit that knows no prejudice and you must leave the building with the feeling that the powers of education have no limit.

On some bright Sunday morning in spring, when the windows of your soul are thrown open to the benediction of the season, attend the services of the fashionable colored Presbyterian Church on Fifteenth Street, pay heed to the intelligent sermon, the refined music, but let your thoughts wander sufficiently to gather impressions of a congregation scarcely second to a single white assemblage of Washington in anything. When church is over, stand out of doors to count the carriages that drive up, spick and span, to carry the first colored families of the Capital homeward. If you will spend a Sunday morning thus, I vouch for it that you will not consider the time wasted.

The theorist of the race problem holds that the danger to the white race lies in the miscegenation, in the intermarriage of white and black; but his ideas are disputed here, where the African holds himself aloof from the Caucasian as punctiliously as the Caucasian does from the African. And why should they not when a society composed of poets, authors, teachers, composers, musicians and high government clerks is not a whit behind the exclusive gatherings of the white gentry in the point of breeding, etiquette or intelligence? The inducement for intercommunication is lacking and race pride draws the lines of segregation.

THE LAW OF THE WHITE

In Washington the rigid laws and iron rules of caste are applied among the various degrees of the colored people with a severity that marks the white man's exclusion of the black. There are saloons and restaurants where none but the chosen of the race may enter; there are homes without number where the ordinary illiterate, uncouth negro is barred from entrance by his limitations of education, conduct and general carriage; and this very bar sinister acts as a stimulus for the progress of the second generation of the ignorant and the boorish.

The treatment, on the other hand, which the white man extends to the black, differs as much as in any other city. Congressmen from the South would sooner resign their positions than "mister" the most influential negro of the Administration; while Senators from the North do not consider it beneath

their dignity to shake hands and chat with the doorkeeper of the President's sanctum. But the negro of Washington can afford to regard the aloofness of the Southern officeholder as a negligible quantity, and rightly enough he will tell you that the Capital is the colored man's paradise.

And yet how narrow is the line which separates the negro's paradise from the black belt of what he may perhaps regard as his inferno. In the city of Washington, for instance, no railway depot has sections marked with the ominous signs "For Colored," "For White"; yet cross the Potomac but a league or two, and in Maryland and Virginia you will see the outer distinctions blazoned everywhere in letters that dare not be misread. White people across the river would rise in indignation if seated beside the colored gentry in the theatre; in Washington, it is taken as a matter of course, and you will not hear a murmur of dissent.

Another instance still more sharply defined—the street-cars of Washington have no separate seats for black and white; but the State of Virginia, not two months ago, passed a law authorizing the conductors of the trolley line which runs between Washington and Mount Vernon to exercise their discretion in separating the two races.

PARADOXES OF PIGMENT

It is more than possible, it is even quite likely, that the negro's privileges in Washington might be fewer and these fewer strictly limited, if a universal suffrage made him the white man's equal at the polls. In a negative sense he is the equal of the white man there, too; for in the District of Columbia no one, white or black, controls a ballot and the city is governed by appointees of the United States. It is this negative inequality which has given the negro his positive equality; for the numerical majority, and hence the political superiority, of the African is not feared by the Caucasian. Hundreds of Washington's citizens rebel against the anomaly which makes them citizens of a republic and deprives them of a vote; but the conservative men of business, dreading "nigger rule," are quite content to leave this paradoxical well-enough alone. And the negro, recognizing that his paradise rests on a paradox, will be the last one who will wish the present good order of things subverted.

Strikingly enough, then, it is at the seat of the government of the Union that the negro is given the best opportunities for advancement, as if Providence had designed that the Capital of the Nation should set the example for the innumerable cities of America, and, strikingly enough, it is here that the negro is found at his very best and at his very worst, as if to show the people of the North and the South what he is and of what he is capable.

In Washington, if anywhere, the negro can prove his adaptability for assuming the ideals of education, restraint and government which are the boast of Anglo-Saxon civilization; and yet here, too—let this not be forgotten—he labors under the unfair disadvantage of a lower standard of living, enforced by the lower standard of wages which he is obliged to accept, the odds being against him in the first battle of his war for survival.

THE WIFE OF BRER WILLIAMS



By **Frank L. Stanton**

W'EN I thinks erbout de Chris'mus what we had—not long ergo.
W'en de ol' Ha'nts on de rampage track Br'er Williams thoo' de snow—
De ol' Ha'nts f'um de redwoods, whar dey say de Wild Man rides—
I des lights in ter laughin' 'twell I lak ter split my sides!

En he give de road a blessin', en he grumble at de snow
En de Wind, dat lak a mad houn' kep' a-barkin' at him so;
Dat knocked him sorter sideways, den shook him lak a rag,
En raised a mighty ruction wid de gobblers in de bag.

Lawd! but de Wind wuz wailin', des lak it los' its way
En sholy had ter find it 'fo' de breakin' of de day!
It rumbled roun' de cabins, swep' 'cross de cattle-bars,
En sent de white snow flyin' in de red face of de stars!

W'en—whew!—all of a sudden what should Br'er Williams see
(May de likes of dem, good people, never walk de road wid me!)
But two tall Ha'nts—Lawd he'p him!—a-trompin' down de snow
En gwine 'long de very way Br'er Williams want ter go!

It warn't no night fer walkin', ez de wisest of us knowed,
But Br'er Williams—he wuz in it, en please God, he los' de road!
En he stumble dis an' dat way fer ter find de home'ard track,
Wid two fat turkey-gobblers in de bag 'pon top his back.

He drap de bag en turkeys—de Wind blowed off his hat;
One took his arm on dis side, en de yuther one on dat;
De li'l' wool h's had, riz up; he shook, lak aithquake chills
Had rocked de groun' he stood on en upset all de hills!

He mutter, en he stutter, en he splutter,
 "Lemme go!
 I des a po' ol' sinner los' in de Chris'mus
 snow!
 De Wind hez been pursuin' me, en blowed me
 fum de way,
 En my folks is waitin' fer me fer de dancin'
 Chris'mus day."

But at dat word of dancin' de Ha'nts, dey
 cl'ared a space
 En clapped dey hands, en hollered out: "Br'er
 Williams, take yo' place!
 Yo' bones is des a-rattlin' lak hailstones in a
 storm,
 En a quick-time double-shuffle is de thing ter
 keep yo' warm!"

Den dey patted fer de dancin' loud enough ter
 wake de dead,
 En Br'er Williams cut de "Pigeon-wing," en
 give 'em "Short'nin' Bread!"
 En "Faster!" still dey hollered, "All de Ha'nts
 is watchin' you!"
 En de hills went spinnin' roun' him, en de
 trees wuz dancin', too!

He dance ontell he give out! . . . Den we
 heered him, high en low,
 'Cross de pinewoods, in de cabins, ez he hol-
 lered 'cross de snow;
 En 'twuz almos' Chris'mus mawuin'—de
 groun' ez white ez foam
 W'en we foun' him, en de turkeys, en fetched
 him howlin' home!

MODERN RAILROADING

A RAILROAD is a machine for making money, and the machine must be kept in good order. To this end sound constructive material is wanted and insisted upon. Twentieth century railway managers have a weakness for men who do their work well. They have an idea that by lifting the efficient ones to higher seats the road is benefited in dollars. This idea governs employment.

Suppose the applicant for position is twenty years of age and wishes to become an engineer. He is assigned to a locomotive, in charge of a fireman, but under the general instructions of the engineer. During a period of from two weeks to a month he works without pay, because it is only a tentative service meant to put him to the final test of his potential fitness for the work. If he comes out all right, the engineer gives him a certificate to the effect that he is believed to possess the make-up needful to a locomotive engineer.

Once in possession of this certificate of potential fitness, the young man is soon found on a freight engine as fireman, drawing full pay. In this capacity he serves not less than three years. Then he is competent generally to take charge of a freight engine. This point attained, he is practically assured that he will in time be appointed to a position of the first class—that of engineer of a passenger train.

The operating department is one that attracts many young men not of a mechanical turn of mind. They begin variously as "students" in telegraph offices, ticket offices, signal towers, etc. It takes them six months or a year to gain a practical knowledge of the routine duties of the men in the lower grades of operating workmen over whom it is their aim as a rule to exercise supervision. During the period of studenthood they receive from \$15 to \$20 a month. Having served the time needful to fit him for the responsibility, the new railroader is appointed agent at a union station—a telegraph operator, a towerman or a switchman. The pay of station agents or operators ranges from \$40 to \$50 a month, and switchmen get from \$50 to \$70 a month.

The term of apprenticeship for a trainman is the shortest of all, and on account of the quickly acquired earning capacity the larger number are attracted to this branch of railroading. Within a month the new man may become a brakeman on a freight train at \$50 to \$75 a month. In two years he may become a freight conductor at \$90 to \$100 a month. In six years, according to conditions, the post of passenger conductor may be his at a salary ranging from \$90 to \$120 a month. In the train service the matter of precedence depends almost wholly on individual merit and seniority.

TRIUMPHS OF THE YEAR 1902
MOËT & CHANDON
 CHAMPAGNE
 CHOICE OF THE RULERS OF THE
 WORLD'S GREAT NATIONS.
UNPARALLELED RECORD.

AMERICA.
 The PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES in the WHITE HOUSE at Washington, at the banquet to H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY of PRUSSIA served ONLY this champagne.

ENGLAND.
 His MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII of ENGLAND at the CORONATION banquet at BUCKINGHAM PALACE EXPRESSED PREFERENCE by serving this wine SOLELY.

GERMANY.
 His MAJESTY THE GERMAN EMPEROR on board his yacht THE HOHENZOLLERN at the banquet given by H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY of PRUSSIA to the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES served—NO OTHER CHAMPAGNE.

FRANCE.
 The PRESIDENT of FRANCE through his Ambassador Monsieur CAMBON at the dinner given in honor of the unveiling of the ROCHAMBEAU STATUE at the FRENCH EMBASSY served this brand EXCLUSIVELY.

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY
MOËT & CHANDON
 WHITE SEAL
 GEO. A. KESSLER & CO.
 IMPORTERS.
 GERMANY GREAT BRITAIN



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when other shoes have not genuine oak soles.

Live Oak soles add \$1.00 to the wear and are used in every pair of Regal Shoes.

Our Catalogue explains how to distinguish Oak Soles and lists 63 new Fall styles for Men and Women.

FREE ON REQUEST.

THE REGAL SHOE
 213 Summer St. BOSTON

A Xmas Present

The numbers 3-4-5
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 are now kept in stock fitted
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 If your dealer does not handle this excellent WHISKEY we will give you the names of dealers who do
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CHICAGO-NEW YORK-TWENTY HOURS
LAKE SHORE-NEW YORK CENTRAL

Leave Chicago Daily-12:30 PM | Leave New York Daily-2:45 PM
Arrive New York Daily-9:30 AM | Arrive Chicago Daily-9:45 AM

A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

Faultless Oak Heater \$930

WEIGHS 210 LBS. IS 68 IN. HIGH. Burns wood, hard or soft coal, coke, chips or any combustible material. Consumes little fuel and throws out much heat.

WE GUARANTEE all our Faultless Oak Heaters to heat perfect more cubic feet of space with less fuel than any other oak heaters made. Prices are for stoves blacked and polished.

145-lb., 178-lb., 242-lb. Heater Heater Heater

\$7.25 \$8.40 \$10.85

48 in. high 52 in. high 54 in. high

DON'T BE MISLED and buy a heater from any one before finding out the weight and height. Pictures of Oak Heaters look very much alike but the weight and height indicate the value.

WE SELL 4 SIZES of heaters as enumerated above all like illustration. Made with fire resisting castings of special mixed pig iron, solid one-piece air tight sunk bottom ash pit, large ash pan, ash-pit door, air tight screw draft, heavy corrugated cast iron fire-pot, large handsome fire-not ring cemented and bolted to top and fire-pot stretched over cast flanges making the drum airtight, mounted with 18 gauge smooth steel and never-wear-out castings, fitted with nickel-plated swing top, nickel door latch, hinge pins and knobs, 3 nickel foot rails, nickel-plated register in ash-pit door, nickel-plated name plate and handsome span brass urn. Important features are cooking lids, under swing top, check damper in pipe, collar and feed door, and shake and draw center grate for coal and wood. For all around use we recommend our Heater at \$9.50 because experience has taught us that it is the ideal size for a heating stove. It weighs 210 lbs., is 68 inches high, has 16-inch fire-pot, occupies 22½x22½-inch floor space and takes 6-inch pipe. **SEND \$1.00 DEPOSIT** state heater wanted and we will send it by freight C. O. D., subject to examination you to pay agent's balance and freight charges after you find it exactly as represented and perfectly satisfactory, if not we will instantly refund your \$1.00. Address 150 to 166 and 885 to 888

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. W. Madison St., Chicago

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fitting with nickel-plated swing top, nickel door latch, hinge pins and knobs, 3 nickel foot rails, nickel-plated register in ash-pit door, nickel-plated name plate and handsome span brass urn. Important features are cooking lids, under swing top, check damper in pipe, collar and feed door, and shake and draw center grate for coal and wood. For all around use we recommend our Heater at \$9.50 because experience has taught us that it is the ideal size for a heating stove. It weighs 210 lbs., is 68 inches high, has 16-inch fire-pot, occupies 22½x22½-inch floor space and takes 6-inch pipe. **SEND \$1.00 DEPOSIT** state heater wanted and we will send it by freight C. O. D., subject to examination you to pay agent's balance and freight charges after you find it exactly as represented and perfectly satisfactory, if not we will instantly refund your \$1.00. Address 150 to 166 and 885 to 888

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OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICANS IN CUBA—V

By EDWIN WARREN GUYOL

CUBA is usually thought of as a sugar and tobacco country, and these two staples have always formed the backbone of her prosperity. Although the time is coming, in fact is at hand, when attention will be given to increasing her output of innumerable other products, many people will insist on investing capital in the culture of the two best known. Both can be cultivated profitably—sugar-cane on a large scale and tobacco on either large or small. In spite of the arguments advanced by persons interested in securing a reciprocity treaty between Cuba and the United States, the manufacture of sugar in Cuba is not a losing operation, even at the low prices prevailing.

SUGAR-CANE PLANTATIONS PROFITABLE

Good cane lands may be bought in every province of the island; the best results are to be obtained in virgin soil in Santa Clara, Puerto Principe and Santiago. As cane must be cultivated on a large scale, and as the term "caballeria" (thirty-three and one-third acres) is convenient when calculating on large tracts, it will be used as the basis of all estimates to be made in this article. The cost of cultivating a caballeria should be about as follows.

Clearing and plowing.....	\$500.00
Seed cane (purchased).....	80.00
Planting.....	200.00
Cultivation.....	303.00
	\$1,083.00

If timbered land is selected and cleared, the woods therefrom should yield at least six hundred dollars per caballeria; about half that amount would be the initial purchase price. Consequently, the end of the first year should show the land itself as a clear balance to the credit of the planter, with a growing crop of cane representing the capital invested.

Every caballeria of virgin land should yield 1,200 tons of cane, to cut and haul which would cost about one dollar per ton. This amount of cane should produce at least 120 long tons of sugar, or 268,800 pounds. A liberal estimate for milling is one-half cent per pound—the actual cost on a modern plantation is nearer one-fifth—or \$1.344 for producing this amount of sugar. Therefore, the balance-sheet at the end of the first harvesting should show, for every caballeria:

Making and harvesting crop.....	\$2,280.00
Milling 1,200 tons cane.....	1,344.00
	\$3,624.00
Total cost.....	\$3,624.00
Sale of 120 tons sugar @ \$44.80 (2c. per lb.).....	5,376.00
Credit balance.....	\$1,752.00

After the first crop is milled, the total annual expenses will be only about \$1,500 per caballeria, thus increasing the credit balance to \$2,532.

Unquestionably, a very attractive showing, and one based on thorough knowledge of the culture of cane and manufacture of sugar, and careful comparison of data furnished by men actually engaged in the industry in Cuba. There is always risk of loss by fire or storm although cane is considered about the safest from injury in that way of all crops that are produced in Cuba. And the individual or syndicate undertaking its cultivation and conversion into sugar must remember that a large amount of capital will have to be invested in expensive machinery and buildings; that the crop itself needs careful attention from planting to harvesting, and that the details of management should be entrusted only to experienced, competent men.

PROSPECTS OF TOBACCO CULTURE

The value of the tobacco exported from Cuba in 1894, the year prior to the beginning of the Cuban insurrection, was \$25,000,000, the total crop gathered amounting to 454,000 bales of about 125 pounds each. The number of bales produced in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, was 507,200.

The man who goes into Cuba, buys land and begins raising tobacco will find the following expenses to be incurred, per caballeria:

Preparing the soil.....	\$ 300.00
7 tons fertilizer @ \$40.....	280.00
561,000 nursery plants @ \$2 per 1,000.....	1,122.00
Nurseries, planting and fertilizing.....	150.00
Management, labor, cutting, harvesting, hauling, etc.....	2,716.00
Assorting and baling, including material for binding and bales, estimating the yield at 211 bales....	1,500.00
	\$6,068.00

The value of the crop will be about as follows, to each caballeria:

211 bales @ \$50.....	\$10,550.00
1350 lbs. seed @ 16c.....	216.00
Items (for fertilizer).....	15.00
	\$10,781.00

After the first year, the item for nursery plants can be reduced to the actual cost of sowing the seed, transplanting, etc., as the grower will construct and use his own nurseries. He will also reduce the amount paid for fertilizer, as he will do his own mixing. The calculation for cost of labor, etc., is based on the wages usually paid—one dollar per day. The amount specified as a probable selling price is the minimum average. Good wrappers sell for from forty to five hundred dollars per bale; superior fillers, forty to fifty dollars.

The best tobacco lands are very expensive; some can be bought, but the price is almost prohibitory. Good lands, susceptible to improvement, sell for thirty, forty and fifty dollars per acre. But the poor man is not compelled to buy; he can obtain tracts of land from almost any one of the big factories, at a nominal rental, which is deducted from the price paid for the crop.

A TRIO OF PAYING PRODUCTS

The difference between cacao and cocoanut is little understood but very great. The former is the basis of chocolate and cocoa; the latter of candy, pies and indigestion. But they are grouped with bananas in this article because, as will be shown, they naturally belong together. Cocoanuts grow on the tall palm known by the same name, in bunches numbering often fifty or seventy-five nuts in all stages of growth, from the blossom to maturity. Cacao trees—bushes, rather—range from fourteen to twenty feet in height. The fruit is a pod, containing forty or fifty seeds, or "cocoa-beans"; from these chocolate and commercial cocoa are made.

The lands in the northern part of Santiago Province are among the best in the world for producing both, and the bananas raised in that district are second to none. As the three products mentioned not only can but should be grown together, the following estimate has been carefully prepared, the figures being furnished by reliable men at present engaged in their culture, in Santiago Province:

ONE CABALLERIA

Clearing and preparing land.....	\$500.00
Nursery for cacao.....	65.00
Beans for seed.....	6.00
Labor—Sowing, transplanting and tending 10,000 plants of cacao, the same number of bananas, and 4,000 cocoanut trees.....	1,460.00
10,000 banana bulbs @ \$15.....	150.00
4,000 cocoanuts for planting.....	100.00
	\$2,281.00

Bananas yield at the end of twelve months, but cacao does not until the sixth and cocoanuts the eighth year after planting. Ten thousand banana trees should bear at least eight thousand bunches of fruit each year, worth fifteen to twenty-five cents apiece, on the farm. The shade furnished by the bananas is necessary to the young cacao plants, but is not needed after the latter mature, when they are usually cut out, or allowed to die. The only expenses to be incurred after the first year are comprised in the item for labor, four men being fully able to care for and harvest all crops on each caballeria, their wages amounting to \$1,460 per annum.

EXPENSES—PER CABALLERIA

First year.....	\$ 2,281.00
Seven years, @ \$1,460.....	10,220.00
	\$12,501.00

RECEIPTS

Six crops bananas (48,000 bunches, @ 25c.).....	\$ 9,600.00
Two crops cocoanuts (1,200,000 nuts, @ \$3 1,000).....	3,600.00
Two crops cacao (40,000 lbs. @ 12c.).....	4,800.00
	\$18,000.00
	\$12,501.00
	\$ 5,499.00

The above is the minimum profit, and can be doubled with extra care and labor.

After reaching maturity, cacao bushes bear for thirty or forty years, continuously; cocoapalms forever. Therefore, beginning with the eighth year, the annual income from each caballeria containing the two should be about \$4,000, with total expenses not to exceed \$1,500.

It will be observed that cost of purchasing land is not mentioned in the foregoing estimate. The forestal growths on all lands in Santiago Province are so valuable that the sale of timber should more than counterbalance the initial purchase price, even should that be treble what is asked to-day

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